Saturday Review

OCTOBER 7, 1961 / 25¢

EXPORTING THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

A SPECIAL REPORT ON U.S. RECRUITING OF SCIENCE TO EXPLORE THE DYNAMICS OF FREEDOM'S GROWTH

By John Lear

BOOKS FOR FALL READING

Highlights of the Season

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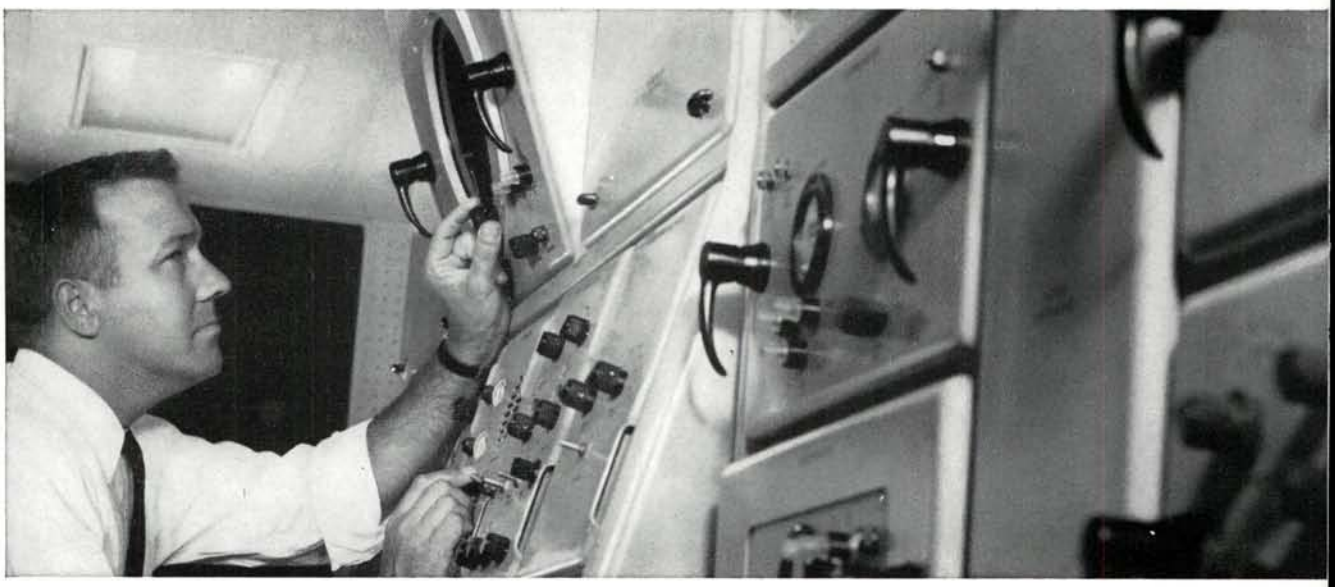

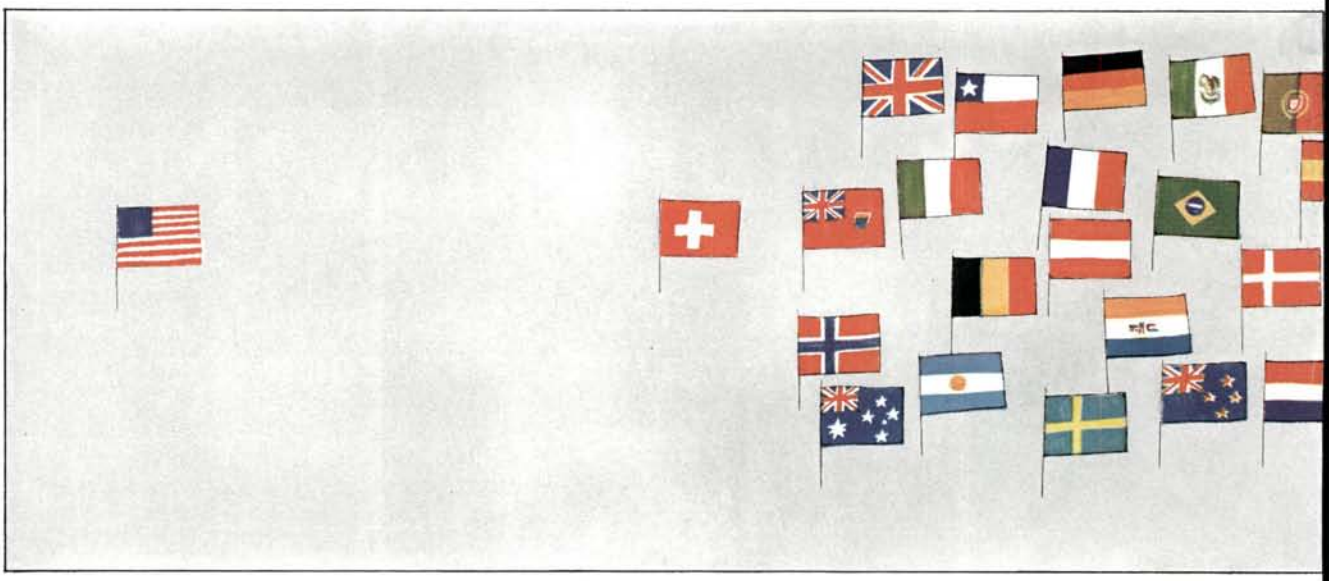

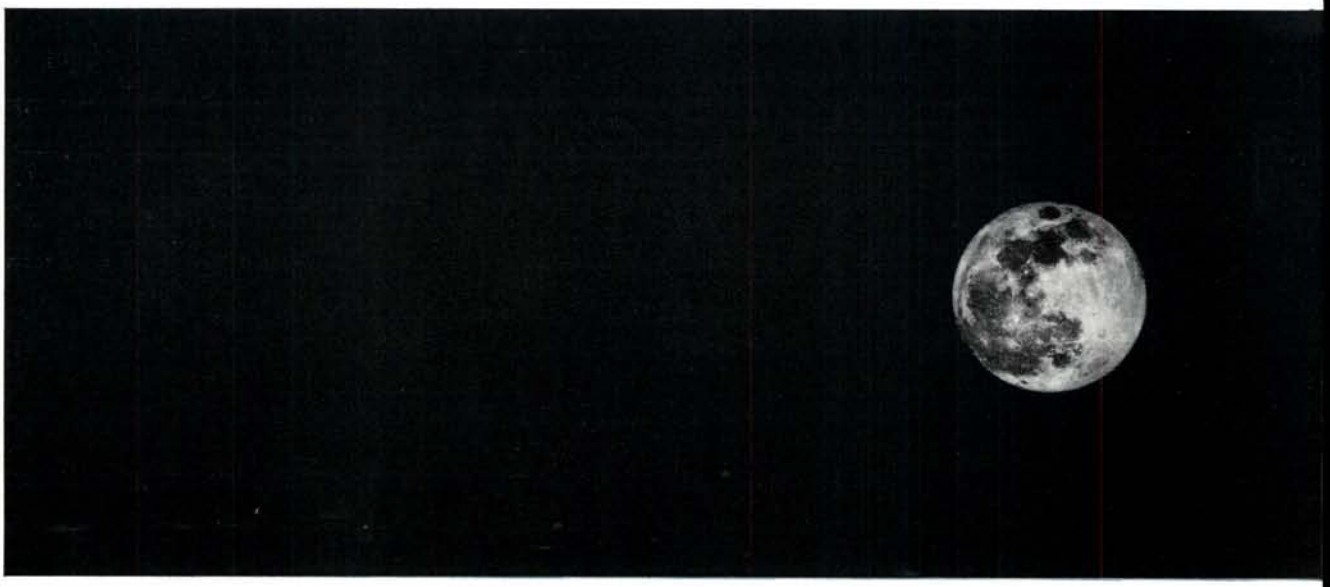

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Before he became a best selling historical novelist and a distinguished historian, Thomas B. Costain was a Doubleday editor. Though he was decidedly skillful and productive (bringing, among others, a young bridge player named Goren to the list), there is no question about which career was the book world's greater gain. The loss of Tom Costain, editor, was more than offset by the rise of the writer. This is as it should be.

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L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

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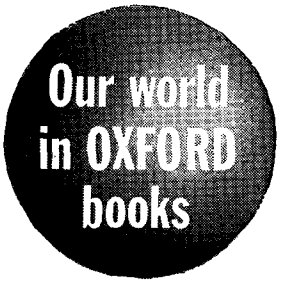

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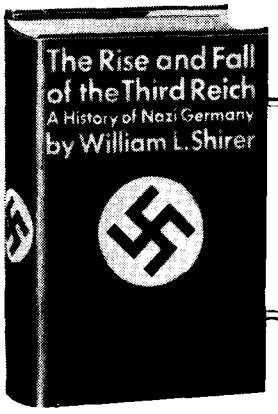

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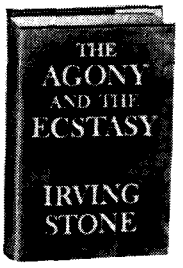

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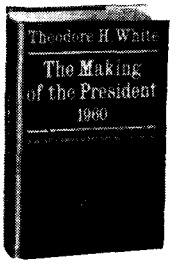

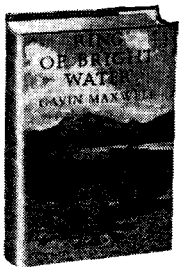

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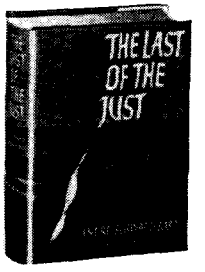

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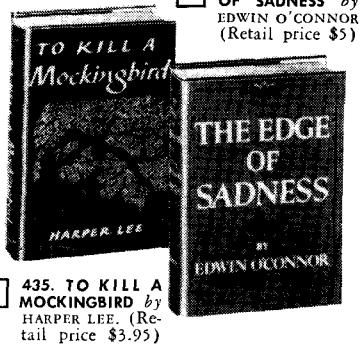

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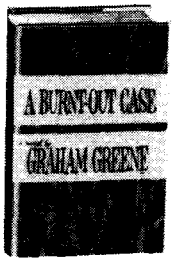

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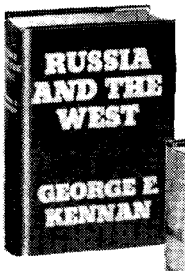

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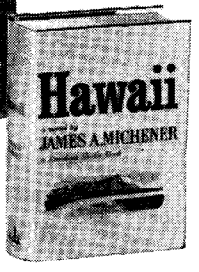

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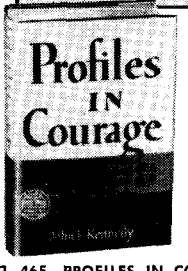

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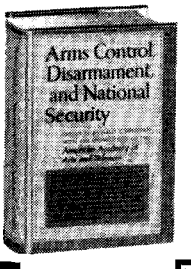

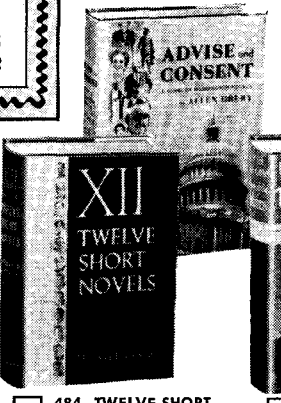

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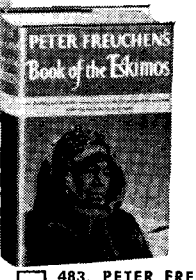

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FIRST OF THE MONTH

By Cleveland Amory

AS IF everybody wasn't having his troubles these days, the over-sixty-five set has proposed, to the Retirement Council, Inc., a new word for retirement. The word—"protirement." Somehow, many times last month, it looked as if the whole world was about to protire.

• • •

The war of the month was Jack Paar *vs.* both America and the Russians. One thing was certain: in a world of "Publiciety" he was our new unsecret weapon. And, whatever else you say about him, you have to admit he disarmed the opposition—literally, that is, because they moved back their tanks and removed their guns. Obviously the only way to fight an idea is with another idea, but somehow the idea of fighting Jack Paar with anything but bare fists didn't seem right—even to the Russians. As for Peggy Cass, we think her voice alone should be high on the agenda at the next Geneva Convention.

• • •

The second war of the month was David Susskind *vs.* Frank Sinatra. Susskind's first program of the year was devoted to the "syndrome," "dichotomy," and several of his other favorite words, of the Hollywood Rat Pack. Although Susskind was under wraps—his "Open End" is now confined, by popular demand, to two hours—we think Sinatra and his fee-world friends emerged from the ordeal, simply by comparison to Mr. Susskind and his free thinkers, like Boy Scouts.

• • •

Our favorite quote of the month came from no other than Noel ("Sail Away") Coward himself. Meeting Clifton Webb and finding him still mourning the death of his mother, Noel was stern. "Really, Clifton old boy," he said, "you must try to pull yourself together. It's not unnatural, you know, to be orphaned at seventy-one."

• • •

In Chicago, on Irv Kupcinet's program "At Random"—which is now syndicated to fifteen stations—Pat O'Brien stole the show with a story of his son winning the school prize for an essay on driving carefully. "Drive carefully," the boy wrote. "Don't hit a child. Wait for a teacher."

• • •

On the sports front the big news of the month was the story of Roger Maris, Mickey Mantle, and Babe Ruth. Since we were on the road a good deal of the last part of the race, we had time not only to see in action the Yankees but also the Gentlemen of the Pressure (New York Sports Branch). From the New York *Daily News,* which sent a reporter to "heaven" to interview Babe Ruth, to the ridiculous outpourings of the rest of the regular pro-Yankee writers, we have rarely witnessed such nonsense. Of the two players themselves, we would have much preferred Mantle over Maris to break the record, and we went along completely with Mr. Ford Frick's dictum: 154 games only.

Not only is Maris not a great hitter, he is not even a good hitter. As *Insiders' Newsletter* reported, there is indeed such a thing, nowadays, as cheap home runs. When Ruth hit sixty homers in 1927, he and Lou Gehrig were the only men in the league to get as many as twenty. Besides this, there is also, nowadays, such a thing as cheap fans. The kind of fans who—two of them—ran on the field to attack Jimmy Piersall deserve not fines but prison sentences. And we shall always remember Mantle running from first base to rescue Piersall.

Be that as it may, however, let us first consider the Yankees all together. First they used to say that Miller Huggins was the greatest manager who ever lived. Then it was Joe McCarthy, then it was Casey Stengel. And now, we suppose, Ralph Houk is. We just can't go along. Somehow we feel the Yankees would win the pennant even if they were managed by Mary Margaret McBride. The plain fact of the matter is that the peanut heads who run baseball—most of whom, from the Dan Toppings and Del Webbs on down, prefer gambling, the horses, golf, drinking, or apparently almost anything else to baseball—have allowed the sport to deteriorate in almost unbelievable fashion. First, they let the Dodgers and the Giants—easily the greatest rivalry in the history of the game—"move." Then they flirted with a new Continental League. And now they have come up with the bright idea of lengthening each season, making each game count for less and bringing in terrible new teams. (The height of ridiculousness

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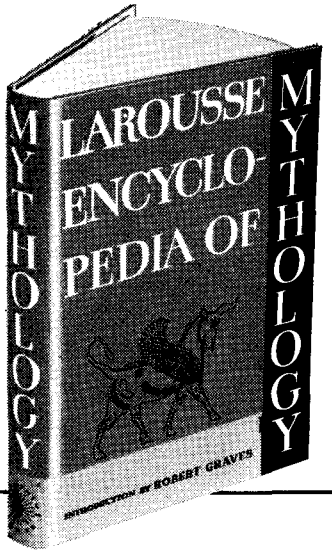

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was taking away the first good Washington Senators team since 1777, sending it to Minneapolis, and then giving Washington back a whole new bad old team.) What ought to be done, of course, is simple enough—not the age-old cry of break up the Yankees, but break up and get rid of all the worn-out, outdated, resigned, "lose to the Yankees" managers, like Al Lopez and Jimmy Dykes, and get in new men like Paul Richards and Bob Scheffing. Still another suggestion, to make each game count for more, not less, as is the case now: each season to be divided into two halves, one ending July 4th, and the other at the end of the season. Instead of the idiotic All-Star games, the winner of each half would play a little World Series and the winner of each league a big World Series. If this idea is too difficult for the men who run baseball to understand, we would be glad to explain it—perhaps in a comic strip.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *On the subject of baseball, Mr. Amory's opinions are his own. When he says Roger Maris is not even a good hitter, he clearly reinforces his eminence as a social historian. All Roger Maris did in 1961, in addition to swatting baseballs out of the park, was to bat in more runs than any other player in either league. Mr. Amory, first, last, and always, is a Boston Red Sox fan. Ted Williams is his ideal, and he resents headlines for any other hitter, especially a Yankee. We have known Mr. Amory to go into a mild depression every time the Yankees won. All in all, it has been a pretty depressing year for our editor-at-large.*

—N.C.

The Mystery

By Cid Corman

SWALLOWS, how they
hightail it
skimming the tight
street,

swerving
just where the street
runs out. How each
pursues

each,
pursued
by a green sky
as the sun settles,

desperate
to let themselves
go, O
against night.

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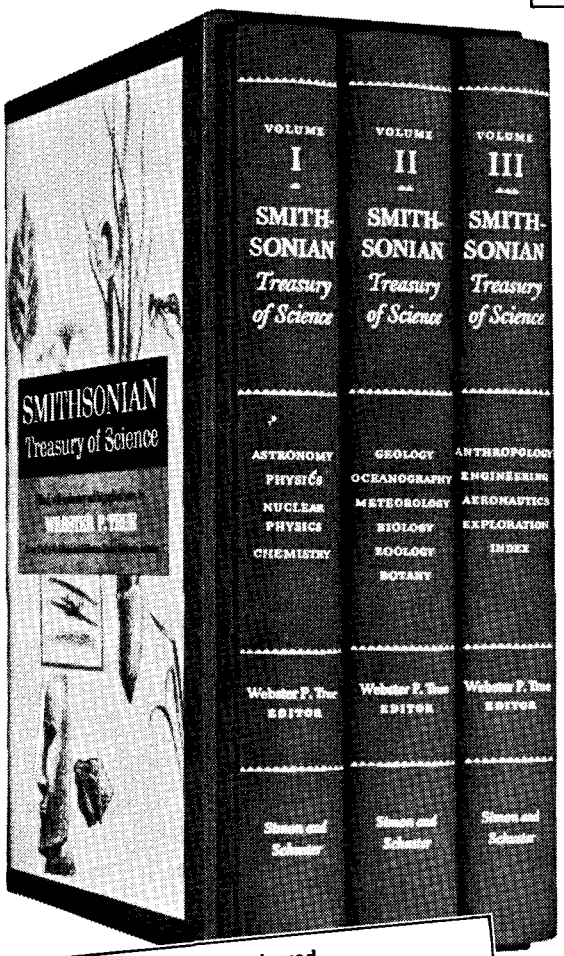

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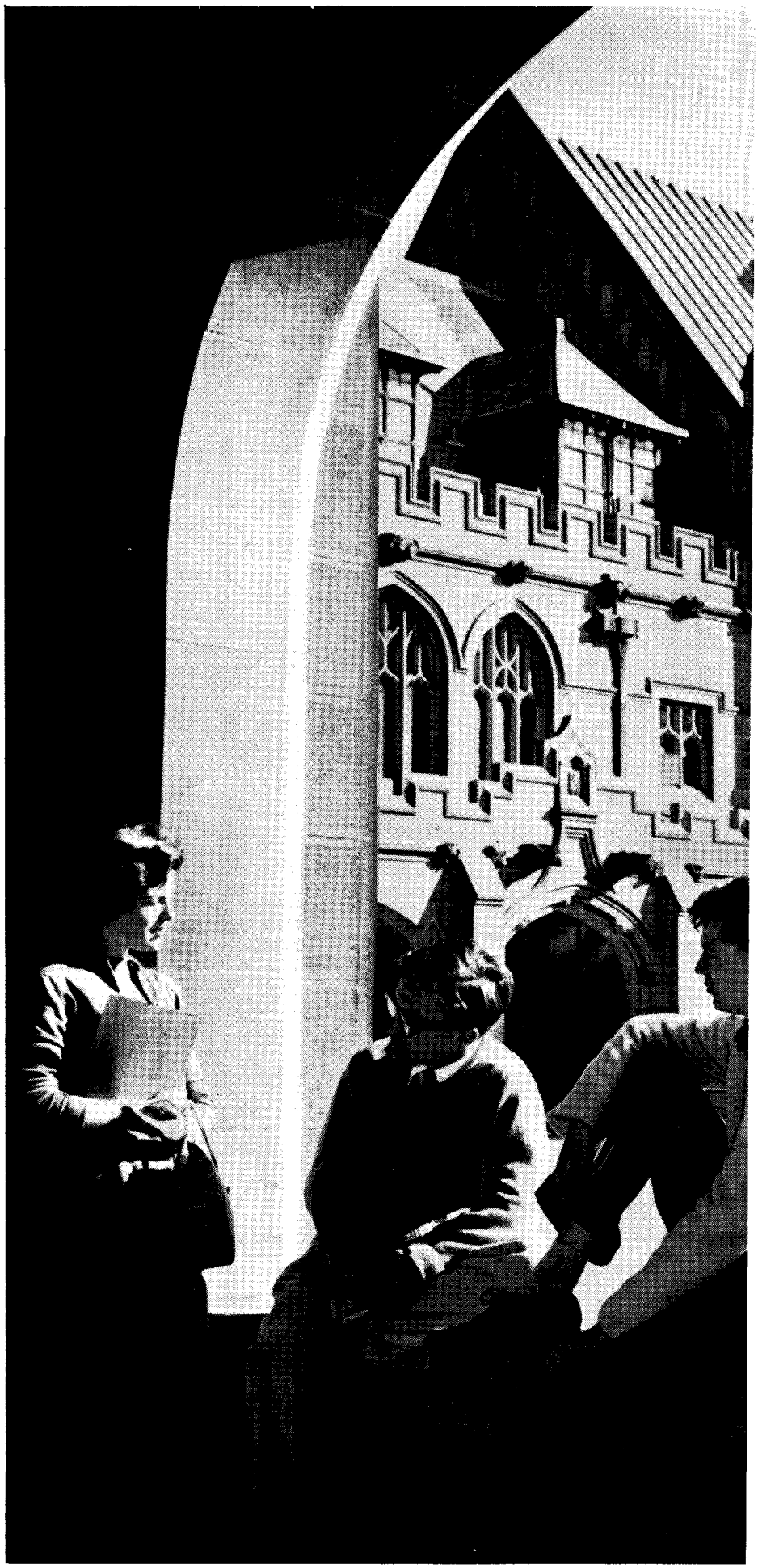

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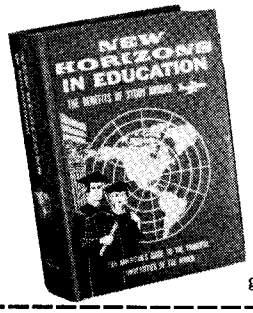

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GLADLY! A Drama in One Column

The drama takes place in the office of WALTER GLADLY, *a successful Nationwide Insurance agent.*

At rise, GLADLY, *seated at desk, is reading one of Nationwide's more than 130 kinds of insurance policies. He looks up as* A. PROSPECT, *a successful business executive, enters.*

GLADLY: Yes, sir, may I help you?

PROSPECT: I want some insurance.

GLADLY: Yes sir. Please have a chair. *(He pulls a chair up beside the desk and* PROSPECT *sits down.* GLADLY *reseats himself at the desk.)* Now, what kind of insurance did you have in mind?

PROSPECT: Well, what kind have you got?

GLADLY: Just about all kinds, sir. Auto, fire, life, accident and sickness, general liability, inland marine, group. We sell some 130 kinds of policies.

PROSPECT: I see. *(He hesitates a moment.)* Isn't that somewhat confusing? I mean, do you think a person *needs* all that insurance?

GLADLY: Well, no. Probably no one person would, but we want to carry a complete line.

PROSPECT: But do you think that's wise? I mean, wasn't that what Ford said when they brought out the Edsel?

GLADLY: Well, perhaps. But of course there's a great deal of difference between an insurance policy and an automo . . . *(He stands suddenly and shouts into the wings.)* Who *wrote* this turkey?

OFFSTAGE VOICE: Search me. One of the boys in Advertising, I guess.

GLADLY: Well, what's it supposed to mean? What's the message?

OFFSTAGE VOICE: I don't know. Maybe that Nationwide sells all kinds of insurance. You know how these soft sell things are. Crazy.

GLADLY: Well, they can soft sell without me. I quit.

PROSPECT: Why? What's wrong?

GLADLY: I *drive* an Edsel!

The curtain quickly falls.

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TRADE Winds

OVER THE PAST fortnight, a great deal has happened to take note of. (Incidentally, *fortnight* has a very simple derivation, if you haven't bothered to look it up lately. It's simply a phonetic shortening of *fourteen nights*). Treflich's Animal Emporium in New York has been in the middle of a mark-

down autumn clearance sale, including fifty-five ostriches, twenty-four dromedaries, fifty elephants, two pregnant cheetahs, a whooper swan, and some baby chimps. On top of all this, a scientist from the University of Wisconsin has reported that penguins can unfailingly recognize the call of their mates. In Charlotte, North Carolina, the Ovens Auditorium advertises that it's air-conditioned. Meanwhile, the meanest salesman in the world was foiled by the town of Tonawanda, New York, when the city fathers installed a water fountain near a children's wading pool where the salesman was selling drinking water at five cents a glass. Now that the tang of autumn is in the air, there may be still more things to look forward to.

ONE OF THEM cannot help but be "The Autobiography of Eleanor Roosevelt" (Harper), which welds her three previous books of memoirs into the definitive single volume just now appearing.

We enjoyed an informal luncheon at Mrs. Roosevelt's modest New York apartment recently, along with six other members of the press, and are happy to report that the First Lady of the Free World is hale, healthy, and alert after her recent visit to a New York hospital.

As she served portions of a veal-and-lamb stew, boiled potatoes, and carrots and peas to the guests, she talked of many things.

"When Haile Selassie came to visit Hyde Park with his entourage," she said, "we had quite a problem with lunch. He had requested a room to himself for half an hour on arrival, plus another half-hour to look at a television program on which he was featured. Plus an hour or so for lunch. With a close schedule set up, we couldn't possibly fit all this in. However, I discovered him in the library watching television, and apologized for not having a room ready for him.

" 'It's perfectly all right,' he said. 'I only wanted the room to take my shoes off—and I've done that here!' "

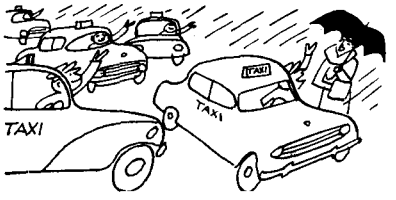
In the living room for coffee, Mrs. Roosevelt scurried about with great concern to find some ashtrays.

"Several of the family dropped in last night, and we were up until an outrageous hour," she said. "I haven't had a chance to see that everything's back in its place."

Later, her secretary confided that Mrs. Roosevelt had been up until two in the morning answering mail—a chore she never provides time for during the working day.

Asked if she minded being one of the most widely recognized persons on any street in the world, she said:

"I *do* have to admit I like it in bad weather in New York. Last winter in the worst snows, two different taxicabs



stopped to pick me up, and let me join the fare they already had. I think I'd still be on the corner if they hadn't stopped for me!"

THE DELIGHTFUL GRACIOUSNESS of Eleanor Roosevelt reflects the times and mores related so skilfully by the late John P. Marquand. We had occasion to have a pleasant cocktail not long ago with an unusual man who might just be a fragment of the model for one of the bankers in Marquand's "Point of No Return." He's Edward Streeter, a novelist in his own right, whose new novel, "Chairman of the Bored," has just appeared, following in the footsteps of eight other novels, including the well-known "Father of the Bride."

"He's an excellent banker," Marquand once said of him, "though perhaps too lenient on occasion with his friends' overdrafts."

Recently retired from a successful banking career, Mr. Streeter both loves and hates to write, with equal emphasis.

"Give me a $5,000,000 trust fund,"

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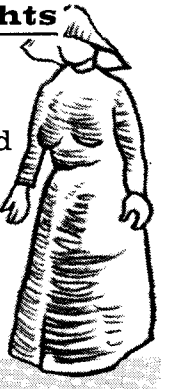

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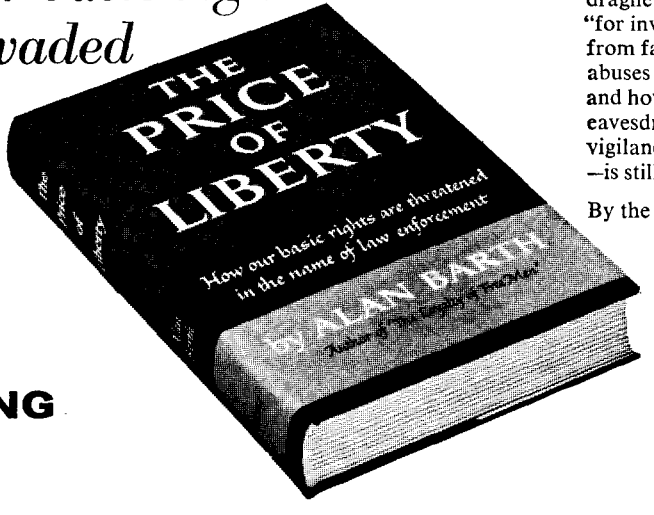

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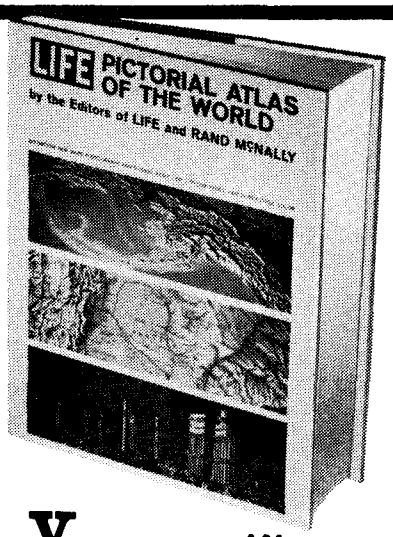

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he said, "and I'll never write another word!"

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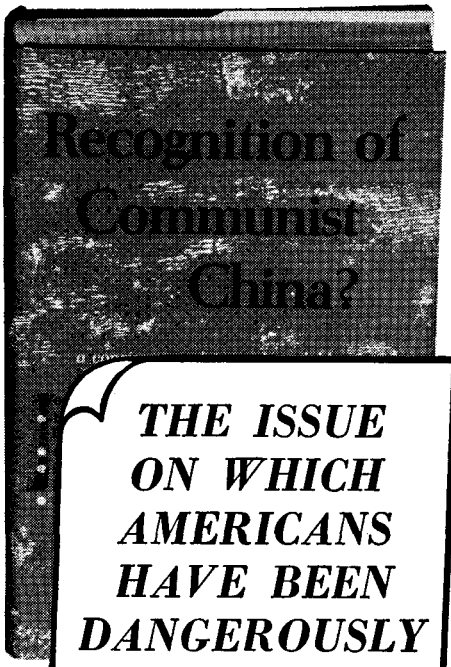

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By Denis Warner

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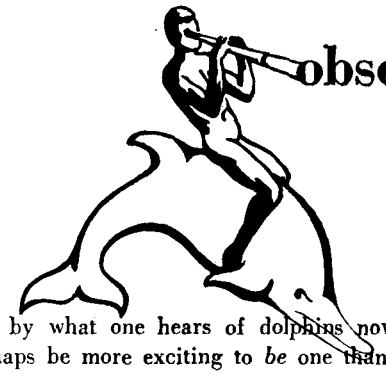
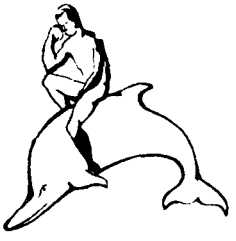


observations from the dolphin's back

Judging by what one hears of dolphins nowadays, it would perhaps be more exciting to *be* one than to be on one. Be that as it may, the vantage point from here is excellent for perusing wave upon wave of "see-worthy" books.

On the first crest are two towering literary explorations. Of the cosmic epic **Music of the Spheres,** the *Chicago Tribune* observes, "GUY MURCHIE has labored mightily and brought forth a remarkable book . . . a dedicated and inspired creation about space, time and matter." In **The Blue of Capricorn,** EUGENE BURDICK (author of *The Ninth Wave* and co-author of *The Ugly American*) transports the reader into the incongruity, the mystique, of the vast area of the South Pacific known as Oceania.

Three books carry us back to our own country and plunge us into some of the most important and unpleasant issues of our time. **The Fantastic Lodge,** edited by HELEN MACGILL HUGHES, is the frighteningly true autobiography of a girl drug addict. **Black Like Me,** JOHN HOWARD GRIFFIN's story of his disguise as a Negro in the South, was hailed by *Virginia Kirkus* as "a telling testament of the realities of race hatred." JOSHUA M. CRAIG writes of juvenile delinquency in **Tales Out of School,** wherein a tough, compassionate principal brings hope to a school left to revert to savagery.



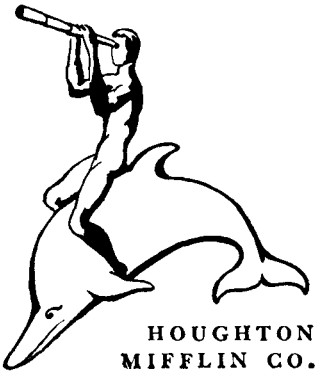
At this point stormy seas seem inevitable. **Night** by FRANCIS POLLINI, tells the story of the hideous brainwashing of the Korean War. The *Library Journal* has said, ". . . does for the Korean War what *A Farewell to Arms* did for World War I." In **The Mountain and the Feather,** JOHN ASHMEAD takes us through the complex war in the Pacific as the United States fought it inch by inch from Pearl Harbor to Japan.

Calmer waters carry light and historical fiction, autobiography, biography and a first novel. **Private Demons** by MACDONALD HARRIS, is about a floating bedlam with semi-aristocracy on a silver-plated cruise. ROSALIE PACKARD's **Love in Question** has been called by the *New Yorker,* "a triumph of literate comedy." A novel about the turning point of hope in the American Revolution, is the magnificent **Monmouth** by CHARLES BRACELEN FLOOD. JANICE HOLT GILES' latest book on the American Frontier, **Savanna,** has been called by the *Dallas Times Herald,* "piercingly effective, painfully moving." GWEN MOFFAT faces her own frontier in her search for freedom throughout the world in **Space Below My Feet.** A biography by LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH, **Married to Tolstoy,** plumbs beneath the surface of another woman's fascinating life, marriage and the genius of her husband: "using her sources wisely and tastefully, Lady Asquith has illuminated not only Tolstoy's life but many of his works." *(The New York Herald Tribune)* The title of KIT REED's first novel, **Mother Isn't Dead She's Only Sleeping,** gives some indication of the madness surrounding the story of Willie Butz Sniggs and her tough old grandmother on a rollicking, fantastic tour of Florida to find grandma a husband.

The next three books drift under the heading of "Collections". **The Best American Short Stories 1961,** edited by MARTHA FOLEY and DAVID BURNETT, like its annual predecessors, contains stories to suit all moods and tastes. It is a collection of which the *Chicago Tribune* said, "few could have been more rewarding than this volume." SYDNEY J. HARRIS' book of short personal essays, **Last Things First,** prompted a pre-publication reviewer to say, "Sydney Harris writes like no other newspaper columnist alive." And there is **Doctor Spock Talks With Mothers: Growth and Guidance,** by the best-loved authority on child-care. The collected articles in this perceptive new book explain the deeper meanings of the behavior — and misbehavior — of children from infancy to adolescence.

There is a majestic wave devoted solely to the works of CARSON MCCULLERS. Of her new novel, **Clock Without Hands,** *Tennessee Williams* writes, "She has once again, and more deeply than ever before, examined the heart of a man, with an understanding beyond knowledge, a compassion beyond sentiment." And at the same time, the great novels and short stories of Mrs. McCullers are being reissued in handsome gift editions: **The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter, Reflections in a Golden Eye, The Member of the Wedding, Collected Short Stories and The Ballad of the Sad Cafe.**

The last two books to catch our "aye", deal respectively with ballads and bulls. The **Ballad Book of John Jacob Niles,** with illustrations by William Barss, is a noteworthy selection of 110 ballads chosen for their classic qualities. **Barnaby Conrad's Encyclopedia of Bullfighting** has hundreds of excellent photographs and drawings accompanying the text. The *Dallas Times Herald* labelled the book, "the one-volume 'five-foot-shelf' of bullfighting literature in English."



We thank our stars there are no bulls to contend with out here on the high seas; books and balancing on a dolphin's back are more our kind of sport.

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Saturday Review
OCTOBER 7, 1961

TRANSLATION

The Art of Failure

By JOHN CIARDI, *SR's poetry editor, who has been engaged for fifteen years in an English verse-rendering of Dante's "Divine Comedy." His "Inferno" was published by Rutgers Press and the New American Library (Mentor series) in 1954. The Mentor edition of his "Purgatorio" is scheduled for release next month.*

A TRANSLATOR's explanation of his method has no choice but to be an apology for failure. Frost may have been right when he said that "Poetry is what disappears in translation." For a translator to dream of success would be overweening: what he tries for is no more than the best possible failure.

"Translation" is, in any case, the wrong word for the process of rendering a piece of writing from one language to another. The idea contained in "translation" smacks too much of that contained in "transliteration"—it seems to assume that there exists in Language A some word that will equal any given word in Language B, and that the translator need only find the equivalent word and put it in place, allowing of course for something called idiom.

But such an assumption ignores the nature of words. Semanticists claim, as a basic tenet, that no word ever means exactly the same thing twice—and that tenet takes no thought of crossing a language boundary. A look at a few of the ways in which words refuse to be exactly equivalent to other words is much to the point in identifying the translator's real work, and, by the way, in identifying one element of the poetic process. Words are complex things. We tend, in general usage, to consider only the top slice of a given word. Poets, on the other hand, are likely to use words in depth: they are interested, among other things, in the images locked inside a word, in its muscularity, in its history, in its connotations, and in its levels of usage. As soon as one begins to hunt the American-English language for words that are equivalent *in depth* to Italian words, he learns that whatever he does manage to get across the language boundary will not be got across by any simple one-for-one transliteration.

The American word "daisy," for example, labels the same flower the French intend by *la marguerite* and the Italians by *la margherita,* or at least approximately so (a botanist might be quick to say that the varieties of the European daisy are distinct from those of the American daisy). Nevertheless, those are the words one would naturally use in these three tongues for labeling any particular daisy. Semantically, that is to say, the denotations are reasonably firm.

But words consist of much more than denotation. Every word has a certain muscularity. That is to say, it involves certain speech muscles. Certainly any man who is word-sensitive is likely to linger over the difference between the long-drawn Italian *carina* and the common, though imprecise, American usage "cute" when applied to an attractive child. The physical gestures the two words invite are at least as different as the Italian child's goodbye wave ("*Fa ciao, carina*") with the palm of the hand up, and the American child's ("Wave bye-bye") with the back of the hand up. The very difference in ethnic concept between two peoples moves the words about in their mouths. As I once wrote in a poem I am not moved to cherish particularly but whose point remains:

> My mother facing a day in Avellino
> Tasted it: *una dolce giornata.*
>
> My wife's mother in Protestant Missouri
> Judges it: *it is a good day.*

There are two distinct kinds of muscularity. Other kinds could certainly be adduced. And all must function in the effort one must make to find truly equivalent language.

Every word, moreover, has a history. Sometimes the history changes out from under the word very rapidly. English "broadcast" once meant specifically "a way of sowing" and was

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borrowed by radio as an analogy. Meanwhile, new machines all but eliminated the old methods of broadcast-sowing, and the word has just about lost all farm connotation. What to do then when, to shift examples, one language uses a word denoting anxiety whose essential meaning is based on the history of medieval torture, when the only word in another language that will render that denotation is based on the history of, say, the internal-combustion engine? Pure hypotheticals, to be sure, but how does one find equivalents in any language for such English words as "billingsgate," or "to burke," or "boycott"—words whose meanings are inseparable from the local scene and local history in which the English language evolved?

Every word has an image locked into its roots. The English word "daisy" is a contraction of the earlier "day's eye," which is to say, "the eye of day"—a lovely root image. *Marguerite* and *margherita* release a root connotation of all girls named Margaret/Marguerite/Margherita—and bless them all as lovely images. Behind that first suggestion, too, lies the true root of the Greek *margaron*, meaning "pearl"—another fine image. But what happened to "day's eye"? Not that there is any point here in arguing which is the more attractive root image. The point is simply that they are different. What then does one do for equivalent words?

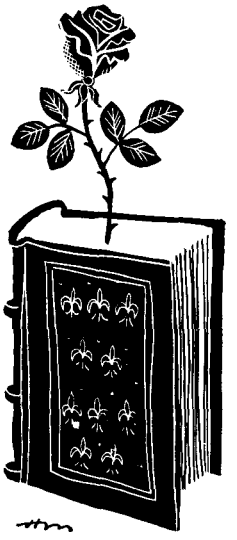
And to point out only one more of many possibilities within the nature of words, every word connotes a certain level of usage. Italian *antipatico*, for example, is so common a usage that it falls readily from the lips of even very small children, whereas English "antipathetic" is a relatively learned word, and certainly not one for the normal nursery. What weight does one give this element of word usage in seeking equivalents?

Normally, we use words as simple things, paying attention to one, or at most two, levels of their meaning. But once the other levels of a word are allowed into consideration, no word is a simple thing. It becomes a complex. But if a single word is a complex, then a phrase is a complex of complexes, and a line is a complex of complexes of complexes, and a stanza, and a poem are . . . and so forth and so on.

I have now translated (or, rather, "rendered in English") two-thirds of "The Divine Comedy." I don't honestly know how to make a theory of translation out of such musings and bewilderments as these. All I can truthfully say is that such equivalence as I have managed has happened by feel, and that I am more comfortable within specifications than I am in trying to defend theories that distort under every effort to state them.

I began to peck away at Dante because I could find no translation that satisfied my sense of the original. Let nothing in that statement imply that I have now satisfied my sense. When I read the original with my rendering in mind I have no choice but to feel sad. When I read any other translation with my rendering in mind, I feel relatively happy. No one, of course, should trust my sense of it, but I must. Who else's sense can I trust?

In looking at other translations I was distressed by the fact that none of them seemed to be using what I understood to be Dante's vulgate. They



seemed rather to fall into literary language, the very sort of thing Dante took such pains to avoid. And none of them, above all else, gave me a satisfying sense of Dante's pace, which is to say, the rate at which the writing reveals itself to the reader.

I began to experiment out of curiosity. I rendered a number of Cantos in *terza rima* and satisfied myself that it could not do. English is a rhyme-poor language. It was obvious to me that the price of forcing that third rhyme into place in English was ruinous to the language. There are approximately 4,500 lines in each third of "The Divine Comedy." One must find 1,500 triple rhymes to render each third into *terza rima*, and English has no such resources. Mechanically, it can be done, but not in anything approximating spoken American-English. I could see what wrestling agonies I had put into my own efforts in order to force the language around to that third rhyme, and the same agonies are immediately visible in every extant version in *terza rima*.

Abandoning all thought of *terza rima*, I tried blank verse. But there the language and its movement went askew on another characteristic of English verse. The blank-verse paragraph in English, as nearly as I can determine, runs to an average of about fourteen lines. (Interestingly, the paragraph of Pope's couplets runs to about the same average.) If one thinks of the structure of pauses in a poem as subtotaling points, I take that fact of English poetry to mean that blank verse pauses to complete its subthoughts about once every fourteen lines. But Dante sets his pauses (which is to say, his periods, or more usually his semicolons, or sometimes his commas) every three lines, and I take that fact to be, above all else, what determines the pace and sparseness of Dante's writing. If the fundamental unit runs from ten to twenty lines, there is room for all sorts of digression or even self-indulgence. An extra line or two, an extra image or two, an extra flourish or two, are easily possible. But if one is forcing his lines to some sort of summary every three lines, that fact must work to squeeze out all flab. Dante does, to be sure, write any number of run-on tercets, but the three-line unit remains firm as the rigorous basic measure of his way of writing. This writing is of bone and sinew.

I went on to experiment at all sorts of other possibilities. In another effort at *terza rima* I tried assonantal rhyming. Assonance may yet be a possibility for someone else. I can only report that I do not favor it as an English rhyme method. For a time I tried English couplets, thinking they might be made to render an Italian tercet: they cannot, at least not as a sustained measure. I tried various sorts of ballad stanzas: they had no hope of being for anything but the wastebasket. Then I hit on what I may as well call "dummy *terza rima*," which is to say, I kept the three-line unit but rhymed only the first and third lines. And with that it began to happen, at least for me. I could persuade myself that what came was reasonably English, reasonably poetry, and reasonably faithful to Dante's pace and to his special way of using language. What is reasonable can, of course, include an awareness of failure, but I could begin to believe this was a good enough failure to be worth investing in.

I had no theory at that point—only a feeling. And I still have no theory I can securely defend. The rest was trial and error, something like learning to walk a tightrope: if one can only manage to grab the rope when he falls, and if he can then manage to get back up, and if he falls only

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forward, there is always the possibility that he will make it to the other side. To let a single example do for all, the process can be illustrated from Canto VIII of the "Purgatorio," which reads, in the original:

Ben discerneva in lor la testa bionda;
Ma nella faccia l'occhio si smarria
Come virtù ch'a troppo si confonda.

The passage is part of the description of two angels that descend to Dante and his companions in the Valley of the Negligent Rulers. It is a simple enough passage as Dante goes, and almost any man with a sense of Latin roots can puzzle out most of the meaning. *Virtù* (virtue) in the Latin sense of "faculty/power/ability/generative force" (cf. "by virtue of the power invested in me") is perhaps the one word that might trip the unwary. How is one to render such a passage? In Pidgin-Literal it might read:

Well was I discerning in them the head blond
but in their faces my eye was dazed
like a faculty which is overcome by excess.

But though such a rendering is approximately idiomatic, phrase by phrase, the sequence of phrases is not really intelligible as a communication in English. The passage is still in no spoken tongue, but, rather, in an unspeakable hodgepodge neither Italian nor English. So one might work toward a more speakable, which is to say, communicable, equivalent:

I saw clearly that their heads were blond,
but looking into their faces my eyes grew dazed
like an overstimulated faculty of the senses.

That begins to be closer, but now one runs into a peculiarity of the way Dante describes the workings of his senses. If one has been reading from the beginning of "The Divine Comedy" he is used to this way Dante has of describing such matters. Dante often describes the workings of his eyes as if he could focus on, say, the forehead of a distant figure, seeing nothing else, and as if he then had deliberately to move his eyes downward in order to focus on the figure's nose. It is some such thing he is saying here: staring at the angels he can see that their hair is blond, but when he looks down from their hair to their faces, his eyes grow dazzled, overstimulated by the light that shines from them. Obviously, it would be impossible, at any distance, not to be entirely blinded by such light, and the literalist has firm grounds for arguing that Dante could not have seen either the hair or the faces of the angels. Such a device must be accepted by the reader as a well established mannerism.

With that much understood, then, the passage may be simplified. Were one simply communicating Dante's thought in an English prose paraphrase it might be stated: "I could make out clearly that their hair was blond, but when I focused on their faces, my eyes were dazzled by the excess of light they gave forth."

LET the rendering remain ragged: it contains the essential intent. But the passage is written as poetry and it must be rendered within meter, rhyme, and in a language sufficient to its emotional intent. After much scratching and scrambling for a rhyme (and it sometimes happens that the very rhyme you want has been used in the preceding tercet and may not, therefore, be repeated so soon) I came up with the following:

I could distinctly see their golden hair,
but my eyes drew back defeated from their faces
like a sense perceiving more than it can bear.

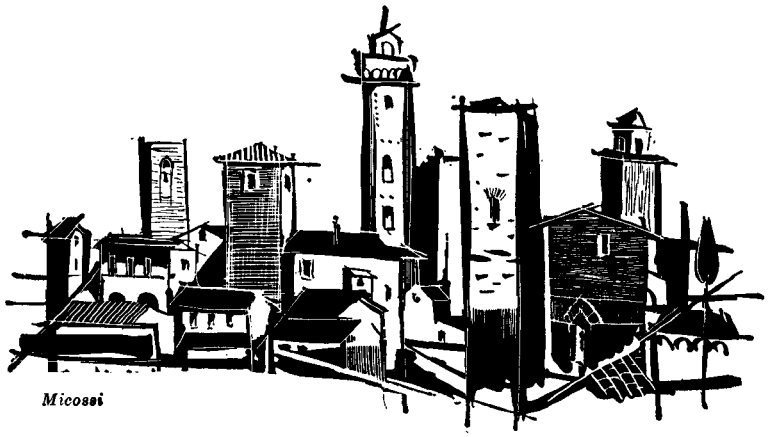
Such a rendering covers the law perhaps, and at times I have been forced to leave some of Dante in no better state than that, but certainly it is nothing to be satisfied with. I especially do not like the feel of that last line in English. As nearly as I can say it, the English word choice is being forced from Dante's Italian rather than being developed in sequence by the normal flow of English.

Whereupon, after more floundering I came to rest on:

I could see clearly that their hair was gold,
but my eyes drew back bedazzled from their faces,
defeated by more light than they could hold.

It is simple enough to see that there are all sorts of things literally wrong with such a passage. The original says "the head" and the passage says "hair." There is nothing, at least explicitly, in the original that says the eye "drew back." *Virtù* has disappeared, and "defeated" is certainly not the same thing as "confounded."

When the charge is put in those terms, I have no defense and very little, if any, theory on which to base a defense. Nor any hope of arguing that I have achieved a perfect rendering. All I can really argue, as lamely as need be, is that within the essential failure, this final version *feels* enough like the original, and *feels* enough like English poetry (or at least verse) to allow me to conclude that I have probably caught it as well as I shall be able to. There must be some theory of translation implicit in these feelings, but in practice I suspect any translation turns out to be a long series of such individual cases, each met on its own grounds, and that each is finally settled by *feel*. What has any poet to trust more than the *feel* of the thing? Theory concerns him only until he picks up his pen, and it begins to concern him again as soon as he lays it down. But when the pen is in his hand he has to write by itch and twitch, though certainly his itch and twitch are intimately conditioned by all his past itching and twitching, and by all his past theorizing about them.



Micossi

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Hard Road to the Good Life

By Granville Hicks

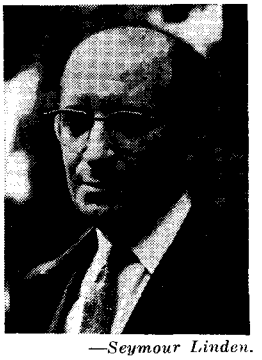
I HAVE never seen a briefer or more accurate blurb than appears on the jacket of Bernard Malamud's **"A New Life"** (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $4.95). It reads in its entirety: "This is the story of S. Levin, thirty, a bearded man with a burdensome past, who comes from New York to a small town in the Pacific Northwest, to live a new life." In simplicity and precision it matches the opening sentence: "S. Levin, formerly a drunkard, after a long and tiring transcontinental journey, got off the train at Marathon, Cascadia, toward evening of the last Sunday in August, 1950."

The story that is introduced in this way is not easy to describe. Seymour Levin has crossed the continent to undertake his first job as a teacher of college English and to enter upon what he dearly hopes will be a new life, since he has little reason to be pleased with his old one. In a sense the theme reverses one of the popular themes of nineteenth-century fiction, the story of the young man from the provinces; Levin goes from the city to the province, and he is looking not for fame or fortune but for a chance to lead the kind of life that can be called good.

As the novel develops, it becomes a comedy of errors, for Levin is a first-class blunderer. It is also a harsh satire on the higher education as practiced in certain American colleges. But mostly it is a pathetic tale of struggle and failure and renewed struggle, for Levin discovers that there is no escaping from the past, and he learns that the good life is difficult of achievement.

We are not told anything very specific about Levin's past until we are more than halfway through the book, but a great deal is suggested. For one thing, though not much is said about it, Levin is a poor Brooklyn Jew, and, especially if we have read "The Assistant" and the stories in "The Magic Barrel," we are familiar with his background. But, as we eventually learn, he has experienced not only the poverty and suffering Malamud has often described; his beginnings were more squalid than anything Malamud has hitherto portrayed. His father a criminal, his mother a suicide, he fell into absolute despair: "I drank, I stank. I was filthy, skin on bone. . . . For two years I lived in self-hatred, willing to part with life."

Then there was a moment of revelaton, which transformed him, as he puts it, into "a man of principle," but this was followed by a period of dreadful apathy. A second revelation came when he rediscovered that "the source of freedom is the human spirit." Now he truly became a new man, secured an education, taught in a high school, aspired to the good life.



—Seymour Linden.

Bernard Malamud.

Levin's conversion is a little like that of Frank in "The Assistant," but Frank's is the climax of the book, whereas "A New Life" shows us what happened to Levin afterwards. The appointment at Cascadia, achieved after many failures and achieved, as we learn near the end of the book, by a freakish accident, represents the fulfillment of a dream: at la t, he believes, he is to be identified with the great tradition of liberal thought that has come to mean so much to him.

Disillusionment comes quickly. Not only is Cascadia not a liberal arts college; there are only one or two members of the English department who bother to pay even lip service to the liberal tradition. Most of Levin's colleagues are good at sports, handy with gadgets, reliable in the matter of turning in their grades, but utterly indifferent to the life of the intellect. One would like to believe that this is caricature, but, alas, institutions such as Cascadia exist.

Levin has been no more successful in his relations with women than in his career, and a series of unfortunate experiences marks his first months at Cascadia. Then he falls in love, at least for a time, with the wife of a colleague, and although this affair affords him some moments of satisfaction, it becomes complicated and difficult, and it works its way to a conclusion that holds little promise of happiness.

Meanwhile he has decided that he must become a man of action and do something about a situation that seems to him so deplorable, and he offers himself as a candidate for the chairmanship of the department. Nothing, of course, could be more preposterous: this Jew, this New Yorker, this beginning instructor who is already known as a troublemaker and suspected of being a radical. Yet one knows that Levin would pursue just such a course, and he pursues it with an unscrupulousness that surprises both him and the reader. Moreover, it appears that his revolution might have succeeded if he had not been exposed as an adulterer.

The tone varies constantly, from farce to pathos, but at every point Malamud knows what he is doing. What he has attempted in the book, I think, is a rather special kind of realism, disregarding all the familiar categories of fiction. This is basically a serious novel about the difficulties of leading the good life, and in the end, because he will not abandon his struggle, Levin emerges as a hero. But Malamud has taken pains not to clothe him in heroic trappings. He is a clown, grotesque in appearance, completely unsuited to the environment in which he finds himself, and inevitably many ridiculous things happen to him. Yet the reader learns to respect him.

The novel has a less immediate impact than "The Assistant." There, in the relationship between Frank and the Bober family, the situation is sharply defined, and the story rises to a dramatic and moving climax. But "A New Life" is larger in scope, and the problem to which it is addressed is a more profound one. Levin, as I have said, is a hero, and very much a hero of our times. He has escaped from despair, only to find himself surrounded by triviality, but he has the courage to cling to what he believes.

Malamud is one of the notable figures of contemporary American literature. He has written some of the best short stories of the decade, and his collection of them, "The Magic Barrel," deserved the National Book Award, which it won in 1959. His first novel, "The Natural," a fantasy about big league baseball, has never seemed to me a complete success, but in parts, especially the beginning and the ending, it is superb. "The Assistant" is a novel of great force, written out of deep compassion. In "A New Life" he has taken most unpromising materials and, by virtue of insight, technical mastery, and a kind of heroic quality in himself, has made out of them an exciting and memorable novel.

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The Critics Go to the Poll

THE LIVES and letters of three Americans who were storm centers of the recent past figure high in the results of *SR*'s annual nationwide poll of leading newspaper critics. Of the forty-seven reviewers, eighteen chose Mark Schorer's "Sinclair Lewis: An American Life" as one of the most enjoyable books to appear in September and October; while "The Letters of H. L. Mencken" and W. A. Swanberg's "Citizen Hearst" received seven mentions each. In the fiction field, too, there was an unusual concentration of choice; J. D. Salinger's "Franny and Zooey" stands at the head of the list with no less than twelve votes. Two other popular novels are "Clock Without Hands," by Carson McCullers which was named by nine of the critics, and "Spirit Lake," by MacKinlay Kantor, with seven recommendations. A total of thirty-five other titles was submitted by from one to six of those responding to the poll.

Lists of the reviewers and of the books selected follow below.

EIGHTEEN VOTES

SINCLAIR LEWIS: An American Life. By Mark Schorer. McGraw-Hill. $10.

This well-documented study of the writer who added "Babbit," "booster," and "Main Street" to the national argot contrasts the financially and critically successful public figure with the tormented private man. (Barkham, Bond, Bradley, Butcher, Cady, Copeland, Flowers, Grieg, Hogan, Lawrence, McSherry, Menn, Nordell, Peckham, Rogers, Sherman, Tinkle, Walraven.)

TWELVE VOTES

FRANNY AND ZOOEY. By J. D. Salinger. Little, Brown. $4.

Two more instalments in the Glass family saga, these long short stories created something of a sensation on their first appearance in the *New Yorker* some years back, an evidence of Salinger's ability to make spiritual crisis as urgently compelling as a narrative of dramatic action. (Brady, Cross, Douglas, Kenney, Manolis, Menn, Nordell, Pasley, Sandrof, Sherman, Troy, Wyllie.)

NINE VOTES

CLOCK WITHOUT HANDS. By Carson McCullers. Houghton Mifflin. $4.

The shadow of impending death and the complexity and tragic difficulty of human relationships are explored in this novel set in a small Southern town, the first book in nine years from the author of "The Member of the Wedding." (Bond, Bradley, Butcher, Flowers, Hobby, Norris, Sandrof, Snajdr, Strasfogel.)

SEVEN VOTES

CITIZEN HEARST: A Biography of William Randolph Hearst. By W. A. Swanberg. Scribners. $7.50.

The baffling personality who built an enormous press empire, used it without scruple to alter U.S. political history, and amassed an incredible collection of paintings, sculpture, and even entire castles, is the fascinating if sometimes repellent subject of this biography. (Grunewald, Hogan, Manolis, Nordell, Peckham, Troy, Walraven.)

LETTERS OF H. L. MENCKEN. Edited by Guy J. Forgue. Knopf. $7.95.

This small but pertinent selection from the thousands of letters still in existence shows that the *enfant terrible* of the Twenties was often wrong but never dull. (Benson, Cross, Derleth, Peckham, Perkin, Snajdr, Wyllie.)

SPIRIT LAKE. By MacKinlay Kantor. World. $6.95.

A colorful panorama of the pioncering men and women who, in the 1850s, left the sedate Eastern seaboard to battle the hostile Indians and the menacing wilderness of the lonely Iowa territory. (Barkham, Benson, Bradley, Brunk, Kimmel, McSherry, Sherman.)

OTHER SELECTIONS

ACTORS TALK ABOUT ACTING. By Lewis Funke and John E. Booth. Random House. $6.95.

ADVENTURING AMONG WORDS. By Eric Partridge. Oxford. $2.25.

THE AGE OF REASON BEGINS. By Will and Ariel Durant. Simon & Schuster. $10.

BASEBALL IN AMERICA. By Robert Smith. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $10.

BEHIND THE GREEN CURTAINS. By Sean O'Casey. St. Martin's. $2.95.

BLACK LIKE ME. By John Howard Griffin. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.

BLUEBELLS AND OTHER VERSE. By John Masefield. Macmillan. $5.

THE CLOUD FOREST. By Peter Matthiessen. Viking. $6.50.

THE COMING FURY. By Bruce Catton. Doubleday. $7.50.

THE COUNTRYWOMAN. By Paul Smith. Scribners. $4.50.

THE EMERGING SOUTH. By Thomas D. Clark. Oxford. $6.

THE END OF THE BATTLE. By Evelyn Waugh. Little, Brown. $4.50.

EUROPE: Or Up and Down with Schreiber and Baggish. By Richard Stern. McGraw-Hill. $4.95.

FALSE ENTRY. By Hortense Calisher. Little, Brown. $5.

(*Continued on page 47*)

The Newspaper Critics

HOLMES ALEXANDER, *Tampa Tribune*
JOHN BARKHAM, *Saturday Review Syndicate*
C. A. BENSON, *Fort Worth Star-Telegram*
ALICE DIXON BOND, *Boston Herald*
VAN ALLEN BRADLEY, *Chicago Daily News*
CHARLES A. BRADY, *Buffalo Evening News*
DAVID R. BRANCH, *St. Petersburg Times*
CHARLOTTE BRUNK, *Des Moines Register*
FANNY BUTCHER, *Chicago Tribune*
ERNEST CADY, *Columbus Dispatch*
J. A. CHANEY, *Raleigh News and Observer*
EDITH COPELAND, *Daily Oklahoman*
LESLIE CROSS, *Milwaukee Journal*
PEGGY DE MORRINI, *Buffalo Courier Express*
AUGUST DERLETH, *Sauk City Capital-Times*
MARY STAHLMAN DOUGLAS, *Nashville Banner*
PAUL FLOWERS, *Memphis Commercial Appeal*
GEORGE FREEDLEY, *New York Morning Telegraph*
MICHAEL GRIEG, *San Francisco Examiner*
HUDSON GRUNEWALD, *Washington Star*
VICTOR P. HASS, [Omaha] *World-Herald*
DIANA HOBBY, *Houston Post*
WILLIAM HOGAN, *San Francisco Chronicle*
HERBERT P. KENNEY, JR., *Indianapolis News*
L. F. KIMMEL, *Wichita* [Kans.] *Eagle*
ROBERT R. KIRSCH, *Los Angeles Times*
FRANCIS KLEIN, *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*
JOSEPHINE LAWRENCE, *Newark News*
RICHARD MCLAUGHLIN, *Springfield* [Mass.] *Republican*
ELIZABETH A. MCSHERRY, *Hartford Courant*
PAUL G. MANOLIS, *Oakland Tribune*
THORPE MENN, *Kansas City Star*
ROD NORDELL, *Christian Science Monitor*
HOKE NORRIS, *Chicago Sun-Times*
VIRGINIA PASLEY, *Newsday*
STANTON PECKHAM, *Denver Post*
ROBERT L. PERKIN, *Rocky Mountain News*
W. G. ROGERS, *Saturday Review Syndicate*
IVAN SANDROF, *Worcester Telegram*
JOHN K. SHERMAN, *Minneapolis Star & Tribune*
ROBERT I. SNAJDR, *Cleveland Plain Dealer*
IAN STRASFOGEL, *Cincinnati Inquirer*
LON TINKLE, *Dallas Morning News*
GEORGE TROY, *Providence Journal*
MARGARET WALRAVEN, *Wichita Falls* [Tex.] *Times*
LAWRENCE F. WILLARD, *New Haven Register*
JOHN COOK WYLLIE, *Richmond News Leader*

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THE LITERARY SAMPLER

EXCERPTS FROM NEW AND FORTHCOMING BOOKS

Taste of Terror

I'M MRS. TAYLOR.

I don't want to talk about what happened after we'd moved in with the Meads and the Indins come.

My little boy got burnt something terrible when they threw him in the fireplace. Course I wasn't there—afterwards. For awhile. Not till—Morning.

Mrs. Mead was there. She had some dried comfrey roots, a big poke of them, and she put them to soak; then she made poultices out of them roots. I guess it didn't do much good, cause they said Bubby cried all night.

Seemed like I could hear him a-yelling, clear down to the camp. I couldn't really have heard him but—Kind of seemed like it.

And when I got back, I had some green hyson tea. I guess maybe the Indins didn't know what it was, for they hadn't took it off. I gathered up some of the meal they'd spilt, and with the meal and the green tea I made some new poultices. They helped Bubby.

Guess he'll always be scarred. Real bad. But tain't like he was a girl.

I'm glad he's a boy. I wouldn't want him to be no girl. If he was a girl, and growed tall as Harriet, maybe they'd took him along, too.

Yes, my husband was there, at first. Guess folks are always going to ask that. They'll say, Mrs. Taylor, wasn't your husband to home? And he was there, for he snuck off to seek aid. But they had guns smack against his head. Any man blames my husband has got to realize that. And then figure out what *he* could of done, if Indins had guns against *his* head.

So I'm not blaming Husband. Not no way.

The rest of it. No, please.

I don't want to talk about it.

—From "Spirit Lake," by MacKinlay Kantor (to be published later this month by World).

Circle of Death

THERE are deserts of sand, deserts of stone, deserts of ice. But since August 1945, Hiroshima—or more exactly the spot where Hiroshima once stood—has constituted a new, peculiar and original sort of wilderness: an atomic desert, the handiwork of *homo sapiens,* and beneath its grey-black surface there still remain the traces of his activity and the pitiful remnants of his fellow men.

The survivors, and the tens of thousands who lived elsewhere who had come to dig among the ruins for relatives and friends, gradually moved outwards in their search, away from the inner "Circle of Death" until they were digging one, two, and even three miles away from the point of maximum destruction. And the Circle of Death, this evil, harrowed, desolate expanse, now lay lifeless, enclosed within the green waters of the many-mouthed River Ohta, upon whose surface, with each ebb and flow of the tide, corpses, like autumn leaves, floated now upstream, now down: strangely enough the male corpses all floated upon their backs and female ones upon their bellies.

Only a handful of foolhardy men now ventured into this no-man's land. They dug in the ruins, searching for any buried object that might be sold for money.

It was in little groups of three or four people that they thus searched for loot, and they soon acquired a remarkable knowledge of the terrain. They were particularly on the look-out for metals, since any form of scrap possessed a rarity value after all the years of collecting and commandeering for the metal-hungry forces of Japan. What they searched for with especial thoroughness beneath the ashes and charred beams were old bathrooms. For many a household had managed throughout all the war years to preserve its *goemon-buro,* or deep, copper hip-bath, and these were now worth almost their weight in gold.

—From "Children of the Ashes," by Robert Jungk (to be published later this month by Harcourt, Brace & World).

No Cross to Bear

AT NIGHT, my mother reads palms in restaurants, compensating by her acting abilities and great assurance for her total ignorance of that ancient art. Later came the already-mentioned showcase at the Negresco, the hawking of jewelry from hotel to hotel, the part interest in the taxi and another in a vegetable stall at the Marché de la Buffa. Throughout those years the symbolic beeksteak always appeared punctually before me at noon, and nobody in Nice ever saw me either ill-shod or poorly clothed. There was nothing I could do to help, and my budding virility only deepened my feeling of helplessness and frustration. I felt guilty for having failed her so badly as a child prodigy and I never really forgave myself my lack of musical genius; to this day I cannot hear the names of Menuhin or Heifetz without a pang of remorse. Some thirty years later, when I was French Consul General in Los Angeles, it happened that my official duties called on me to present the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor to Jascha Heifetz. After pinning the Cross on the chest of the great violinist and reciting the traditional formula: "Monsieur Jascha Heifetz, in the name of the President of the Republic, and by virtue of the powers conferred upon me, I hereby name you Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor," I suddenly heard myself saying, in an only too audible whisper, with my eyes raised to the ceiling: "I can't help it, I just didn't have it in me."

The maestro showed some sign of astonishment: "I beg your pardon, Monsieur le Consul General?"

I hastily kissed him on both cheeks as tradition required, and thus terminated the ceremony.

—From "Promise at Dawn," by Romain Gary (to be published later this month by Harper).

Miniature Skeletons

WE THINK of the skeleton in the closet as some really scandalous secret. But most homes are filled with little skeletons; the ordinary foibles and weaknesses of men and women; the conspiracy of lies to make an impression on others; the hypocritical poses for the outside world, which cannot be hidden between husband and wife, making one of them at least a silent partner in the deception; the dishonesties in word and deed of people who pride themselves on integrity; the crudeness and unsentimentality of the physical relationship, while in public there is the social grace of gallantry and love; the dignity in public contrasted with the contempt in the private relationship. These are some of the miniature skeletons that

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fill people's closets and are taken out for full airing in a matrimonial litigation. Even when they are viewed in their true perspective, they are hideous enough, for exposed pretense is an ugly sight. But when, in addition, fevered imagination throws a silhouetting light upon them, so that they appear to be the enlarged size of their shadows, the retaliation charges and recriminations break all bounds of restraint.

—From "My Life in Court," by Louis Nizer (to be published in November by Doubleday).

Divas and Dollars

ALL PRIMA donnas have a healthy predilection for money. The golden-voiced Angelica Catalani, an early nineteenth-century diva, received as much as two hundred guineas for singing "God Save the King," and in one year – 1807 – earned twenty-one thousand seven hundred pounds, or a hundred and eight thousand dollars. Prices were considerably lower than today. (No wonder her voice made them think of gold, twenty-four-carat gold.)

We must try to understand the prima donna's materialistic outlook on life. Her artistic life is short, her security limited. A queen keeps her income for life provided she keeps her throne, but a "Queen of Song" loses much of her income when she loses some of her voice. Many divas stop singing in their forties and most in their fifties, and a few have even stopped in their thirties.

Today the prima donna lives under a constant nervous strain. She travels too fast, sings too much, diets too severely, rests too little, and burns out too fast —much faster than the giants of the past. Melba was sixty-seven when she gave her celebrated farewell performance at Covent Garden, when she "surprised and moved her audience with the purity, freshness and beauty of her voice."

—From "Red Plush and Black Velvet," by Joseph Wechsberg (Little, Brown).

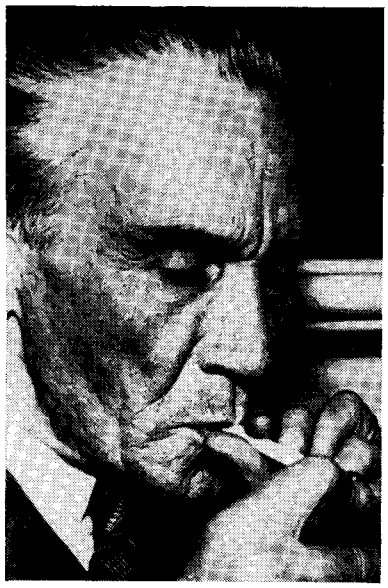
Capital Comment

WASHINGTON lies slightly south of Madrid and west of Maracaibo on a swamp littered with marble imitations of ancient Roman and Greek architecture.

Its tallest structure is an obelisk with which the United States honors its first President, who was not an Egyptian but an eighteenth-century colonial aristocrat and heir to a fortune built on slave labor.

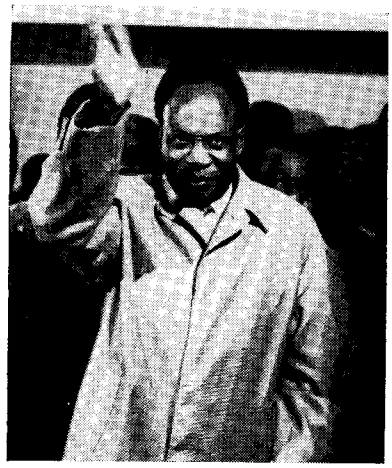
The city was planned by a Frenchman. The majority of its inhabitants

Among Autumn's Authors

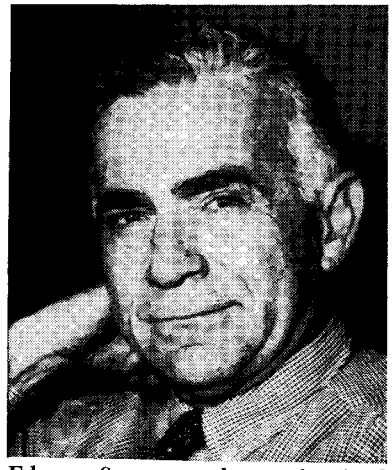


Henrique Galvao, author of "Santa Maria" (World, October 30.)

Hortense Calisher—author of "False Entry" (Little, Brown, late October).



Kwame Nkrumah, author of "I Speak for Freedom" (Praeger, November).



Edgar Snow, author of "Red China" (Random House, November).

Robert Penn Warren, author of "Wilderness" (Random House, November), with his children, Rosanna and Gabriel.

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are of African descent. In one respect, all are in a class with conquered enemy aliens in occupied territory: residence in Washington deprives them of the right of self-government.

Washingtonians come in all colors and nationalities, but no matter how disparate their origins, sooner or later all find a common bond in two things. In the summer it is the desperate contest between man and crab grass, a weed that flourishes with maddening virulence in the subtropical damp. The rest of the year it is politics, an occult art practiced by the city's famous, and incessantly discussed, though rarely understood, by everyone else.

—From "An American in Washington," by Russell Baker (to be published later this month by Knopf).

Sing a Song of Fancy

THE MOLIMO was often referred to as "the animal of the forest," and the women were supposed to believe that it really was an animal, and that to see it would bring death. That of course is why they were all bundled off to bed with the children before the trumpet was ever brought into camp. And even when it *was* brought in it was often shielded by a number of youths so that if any woman should happen to look, she would see nothing. The animal sounds it produced were certainly realistic, but I wondered what the women thought when it sang. What kind of animal was it that one moment could make such threatening sounds, and the next instant sing more beautifully than anything else in the whole forest?

I remembered again Ausu's saying that the only important thing about the trumpet was the fact that it had a good voice and could sing well. I was reminded of the Pygmy legend of the Bird with the Most Beautiful Song. This bird was found by a young boy who heard such a Beautiful Song that he had to go and see who was singing. When he found the Bird he brought it back to the camp to feed it. His father was annoyed at having to give food to the Bird, but the son pleaded and the Bird was fed. The next day the Bird sang again; it sang the Most Beautiful Song in the Forest, and again the boy went to it and brought it back to feed it. This time the father was even more angered, but once again he gave in and fed the Bird. The third day (most Pygmy stories repeat themselves at least three times) the same thing happened. But this time the father took the Bird from his son and told his son to go away. When his son had left, the father killed the Bird, the Bird with the Most Beautiful Song in the Forest, and with the Bird he killed the Song, and with the Song he killed himself and he dropped dead, completely dead, dead for ever.

—From "The Forest People," by Colin Turnbull (to be published later this month by Simon & Schuster).

Incense Rising

FRENCH INDO-CHINA! The name rang like a gong. The very syllables dripped glamour, it was right up there with Samarkand and far Cathay. Then it had to raise a stink and go and get decolonialized and now what have we got? North and South Vietnam. North and South Dakota. There's romance! There's the tinkle of temple bells and elephants bearing golden howdahs trailing lengths of flaming silk. There's the thin blue smoke of incense rising and porcelain teacups petal thin. What is this passion to do away with all that is colorful and rich, romantic and individualistic in life? One is tempted to snort in outrage like a crusty British colonel.

But we are beginning to learn a tiny bit about the Orient. Europe, I think, differs enormously from America; in civilization and tradition, art and architecture the schism is great, but, allowing for variations of temperaments and climate, the difference between one European city and another is not all that sharp: Paris, Rome, Vienna are of one world.

But as the contrast between the United States and Europe is striking, so is that between Europe and Asia. We were to find, however, that in the Asiatic countries we visited the same pattern of civilization and geography prevailed. Rice paddies, tea gardens, water buffalo are as indigenous to the east as are boulevards and cafés to Europe and skyscrapers and superhighways to America. Africa, I suppose, has another and different personality all its own.

—From "The Carthaginian Rose," by Ilka Chase (to be published in November by Doubleday).

Acts and Declarations

NOBODY knows when the American Revolution started. The rebels were so badly organized that they forgot to make a note of the date, as well as having no shoes to speak of.

The first seeds of revolt were sowed by a group of hotheads, all named Adam—Samuel Adam, John Adam, Mary Adam, and so on. These people were especially upset about the Stamp Act, a British act which made it compulsory to buy stamps even though there was no postal service.

They therefore asked Benjamin Franklin to put down that blasted kite for a minute and print the Declaration of Natural Rights, according to which the colonies would have the right to be perfectly natural and no more of those fool wigs the English wore.

They also called for the first Continental Congress, which voted unanimously to inform the British government that America was a continent and therefore too big to be pushed around.

The British government refused to take this seriously, being under the influence of the beginning of the Romantic Movement (absence makes the heart grow fonder). Instead Parliament passed the Maritime Act, according to which the whole of America was officially under water—except, of course, Milwaukee—and therefore under the British Navy.

This touched off bloodshed. For the occasion, Benjamin Franklin invented gunpowder.

—From "Say, Uncle: A Completely Uncalled-for History of the U. S.," by Eric Nicol and Peter Whalley (to be published later this month by Harper).

Valley of Shadow

A HOLY cross of light was shining in the corner by the door. Gladys knelt before it and said the Seventieth Psalm, her special prayer for evil times. "Make haste, O God, to deliver me. . . ."

When the psalm was finished, when she had opened her eyes and unfolded her hands, the light was still there. "God is watching over me," she thought. "As long as I stay with Him, I'm safe." So she lay down on the cold floor and basked in the light. "I should've listened to George," she reflected sadly. "I shouldn't have knelt down in the street that time when he told me not to. Then I wouldn't be here. Then they wouldn't be trying to crucify me."

For a moment she thought of George. He was probably at the store, weighing apples and cucumbers, cutting up chickens. Maybe he didn't even know they had gotten her, didn't even know she was gone. He was probably smiling as always, wiping his hands on his striped apron and talking friendly to the customers. Or maybe he'd gone in back for a can of cold beer.

But the light moved then, and she had to follow it to the window. It was time to pray again. She had to ask God to kill the people outside, to help her escape so they couldn't crucify her. "Unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul. . . ."

But suddenly, in the middle of the

(*Continued on page* 48)

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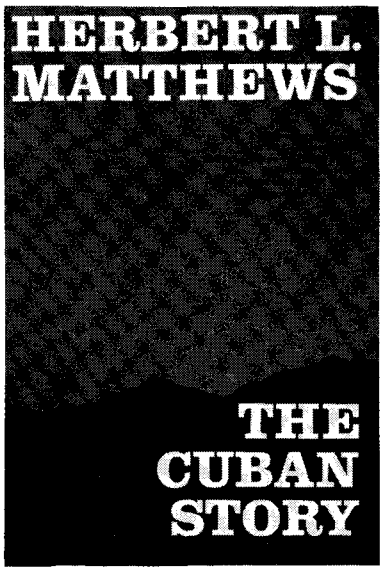
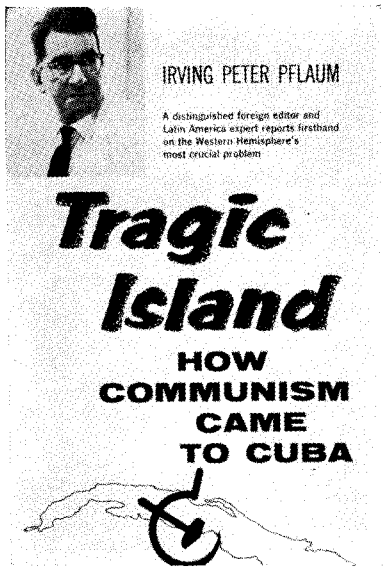
Books in the News




IRVING PETER PFLAUM
A distinguished foreign editor and Latin America expert reports firsthand on the Western Hemisphere's most crucial problem
Tragic Island
HOW COMMUNISM CAME TO CUBA

To the South and to the Left

By WALDO FRANK, *whose forthcoming book "Cuba: Prophetic Island" has just appeared in a Spanish edition in Buenos Aires.*

AMONG the many recent books on Castro's revolution, Herbert L. Matthews's **"The Cuban Story"** (Braziller, $4.50) and Irving Peter Pflaum's **"Tragic Island: How Communism Came to Cuba"** (Prentice-Hall, $3.95) might well have been chosen to represent the gamut of attitudes held by Americans toward Cuba.

Irving Peter Pflaum of the Chicago *Sun-Times* is, I fear, a journalist of far commoner stamp than Herbert Matthews of the New York *Times*. Mr. Pflaum is in a hurry, for who knows when a new story will break in Havana or Berlin, condemning what he has written to an irretrievable past? His haste makes him write badly at times, but it also reveals what is on his mind. Even the title of his book gives him away: the word "tragic" is employed in the wrong sense of accident or physical disaster ("a tragic airplane crash"). He spells it out in the subtitle—the island is "tragic" because "Communism came to Cuba." Even before the first chapter, in the foreword, the author makes clear that his assignment was less to explore the depths of Cuba than to rip a melodrama from the facts. It is doubtful, from a reading of the entire text, whether Mr. Pflaum had closer contacts with Castro and the other leaders than glimpses at public meetings. But sensational hints are scattered from the start. We are told of a society matron waiting in the anteroom while Castro deflowers her virgin daughter. We are asked: is the man a genius or a psychotic? It is suggested, with no evidence, that Fidel is in the hands of a psychoanalyst—or ought to be.

This, of course, is orthodox treatment for revolutionary leaders. Before he died, there was a whole library of books on Bolívar, amplifying his "black legend," and proving that the hero was a coward who never fought a battle. A sober study of the gradual entrance into Cuba of Soviet economics and power politics would not serve the author's purpose, which is to reveal a plot, nursed from the start:

> For we are well-advanced into a new alignment of world-power which offers the Sino-Soviet bloc tremendous opportunities in the New World it never had before. . . . These competitors in "our" hemisphere are self-confident, modern operators who have learned how to handle Latin Americans.

When, later in the volume, the reader comes upon facts—the state farms that call themselves cooperatives, the collapse of the free press, the problem of public trials for the criminals who for a decade tortured Cuba while wearing the uniform of Battista's army, the postponement of elections—the reader has already been moved into the desired psychological stance to condemn spontaneously.

For, of course, Cuba is full of problems. Some have the mark of the island, of the Caribbean, of the Western Hemisphere. And the young men who have been called to meet and solve them have to learn while they are acting. One very great problem is the transfer of land and of industrial plants while avoiding the establishment of a self-perpetuating bureaucracy and managerial class. Cuba has not solved this dilemma, nor has Russia, nor has the USA. A still greater problem is war psychology, the psychology of the army, produced by the threat of war and the preparation for it no less, although more subtly, than by war itself: a psychology that under whatever system leads toward regimentation, authoritarianism, and the atrophy of democratic safeguards. Another grave question is how a little island can pay, except with promissory paper, debts that the creditor makes impossible of payment, through boycott and embargo and even invasion.

And then there is the great problem of elections. No revolution still fighting for its life, even though its life is freedom, can indulge in elections. Washington at Valley Forge did not institute elections, and if he had the Tories would probably have won. The liberals who call for elections in Cuba *now* are either insincere or foolish. The present *élan* of Cuba, transforming the very face of the Cuban earth and the stuff of Cuban life, could not bear such an interruption, any more than a car racing at 100 miles per hour could suddenly turn to low without stripping its gears. Yet of course the belief in true elections must somehow be nurtured and sustained in the Cuban people until the war psychology can be transcended. Deep problems, these, which no democracy has solved on either side of the Curtain. But the point about Mr. Pflaum's book, and others like it, is that he has already, before he states such problems, so set and fixed the reader that his answers will be *a priori* hostile to Cuba.

This has been the typical approach of 95 per cent of the press reports on Cuba for the past two years. It explains Herbert Matthews's "ill-tempered but carefully pondered and earnestly

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meant judgment" (as he puts it): "In all my thirty-eight years on the New York *Times* I have never seen a big story so misunderstood, so misinterpreted, and so badly handled as the Cuban Revolution."

The lucid, quiet prose of Herbert Matthews is good listening prose. Read most of the reports on Cuba and one is tempted to cry: "Where are the Cubans? Aren't there any Cubans?" Mr. Matthews, who calls his book "a personal interpretation," has heard the voices of the Cubans. When he went up into the Sierra Maestra in 1957 for his famous first interview with Castro, he was old enough to be Fidel's father; and there is a paternal quality in his approval, in his recognition of Castro's genius, and in his sharp disagreements.

Mr. Matthews does not like the way the Cuban revolution appears to be going. He hates Communism, and he has sympathy, empathy, and deep respect for Fidel, concerning whose "Communism" he is negatively certain. Arthur Hays Sulzberger, publisher of the New York *Times,* asked Mr. Matthews to define his use of the word. Mr. Matthews replied, "A Communist is a man—or woman— who (1) either belongs openly to the Communist Party or (2) is a crypto-Communist. . . . In either case, he takes his orders from his party or movement, is responsible to it and is an agent of Moscow." This is a fair definition, if it be expanded to include rebels *from within* such as Tito or (potentially) the Chinese.

When our State Department began its egregious campaign to compel Cuba to choose between starvation and doing business with the Soviets, Castro (so he told me, and he does not lie) had exchanged not even a letter with Moscow. Castro "was not and is not a Communist," Mr. Matthews writes. Che Guevara is a Marxist, a Positivist; I happen to know that he has done everything he could to prevent Cuba's rebound from bondage to the U.S.A. into servitude to Russia. Guevara, I suspect, knows the dangers better than the advisers in the White House. Mr. Matthews does not like much that is happening in Cuba and he speaks out, but "Castro is not a good listener." That remains to be seen; I have found Fidel can listen when he wants to. Perhaps part of the method of the creator is to know when *not* to listen. I am still hoping I saw correctly when I found Castro listening even while he bellowed.

Mr. Matthews, of course, is a gradualist; otherwise he could not represent the New York *Times.* Castro's

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IDEAS

Machinery of Justice

"When Nations Disagree: A Handbook on Peace Through Law," by Arthur Larson *(Louisiana State University Press. 241 pp. $3.95), explains how due legal process can replace the law of the jungle in international affairs. Stringfellow Barr wrote on a similar theme in his "Citizens of the World."*

By Stringfellow Barr

—Fabian Bachrach.

Arthur Larson—"terse, brilliant, witty."

WHEN John F. Kennedy reviewed Arthur Larson's "What We Are For," he wrote: "This is an admirable book." I am confident that if he could review this one he would render the same verdict. For Mr. Larson is that *rara avis,* a genuine scholar who can write for the layman on a matter of life-and-death importance, deal simply and clearly with his subject, and at the same time neither flatter his readers' prejudices nor flout their intelligence.

"When Nations Disagree" undertakes a discussion of the body of international law (or "World Law," s Mr. Larson calls it), the machinery by which it is already administered, the degree to which it is complied with in disputes, and the things we need to do to make it operate better. Mr. Larson pays his respects to the most monumental contribution to peace that the profession of law in America has yet rendered: "World Peace Through World Law," by Grenville Clark and Louis B. Sohn. Clark and Sohn, of course, went to the heart of the matter by proposing revision of the U.N. Charter sufficient to enable it to enforce peace. Mr. Larson does not commit himself on whether the world community can long maintain peace without a common government. But even those who believe it cannot do so ought to welcome his effort to build law without waiting for government. And his incisive book makes it clear that we can hope to do just that.

The vital point in his argument is that not all law is made by the sovereign, despite Hegel, Hobbes, and Austin. Much of it is above the sovereign and is to be discovered and promulgated by courts. Its authority lies in the reason of the human parties subject to it. Those who still find Hobbes cogent should hear Mr. Larson out. They will not find this duty onerous, since his book is terse, brilliant, and witty. They will not find it useless, because Mr. Larson knows what he is talking about: he was trained in jurisprudence, has practiced law, taught law, and held high administrative office in our Federal Government. Let the skeptical reader examine (pp. 102-115) his treatment of the Berlin problem, Suez, the border dispute between China and India, the Israeli-Arab argument over the Gulf of Aqaba, the problem of the Arab refugees, aerial incidents like the U-2, and the urgent problem of expropriation of foreign investments in countries like Cuba and Indonesia. In all these dangerous problems Mr. Larson recognizes political differences which no World Court could necessarily resolve, but he wisely insists that these differences could be better handled if the justiciable claims entangled with them were extricated and settled by competent court action.

AS to what we Americans can do about substituting "the reign of law" for the law of the jungle in international affairs, Mr. Larson places highest priority on repealing the Connally Amendment. In 1946 our government accepted the jurisdiction of the International Court of Justice but appended Senator Connally's warning that the United States, and not the Court, would determine which cases were purely our domestic affair and hence

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not subject to the Court's jurisdiction. This sounded like a praiseworthy attempt to preserve our sovereignty and hence American interests. France's acceptance of the Court contained a similar "self-judging clause." But the net result is that both France and the United States have lost cases: their opponents appealed to the principle of reciprocity, which gives any legal opponent the right to use the same reservation the French and American governments claimed. France sensibly repealed her "Connally Amendment." Ours prevents us from obtaining the full protection of the Court, and Mr. Larson therefore judges it to be self-defeating.

This book may remind us Americans that in the mood of violence that has prevailed since the Second World War even those who have grasped the need for law to replace war have felt more strongly about an international police force than about an already available international court, and more strongly about the enforcement of law than about the judge's problem of finding equity. Mr. Larson has shown us some ways of acting now that might bring us nearer a governed world—and even postpone the War to End Everything while those who want a government for mankind can argue their case.

Having said that much, I must in candor raise a question. The majesty of the common law moves not only Mr. Larson but most Americans, and their pulse may well quicken when he portrays Lord John Holt sitting in a lower court in England in 1698 and making as good law as any legislature could have made. But how much would have come of it had England not had a government to back up Lord John's decisions? That our generation might think less exclusively in megatons and more often in terms of third-party arbitration, I should like to see the Berlin dispute before the World Court this week. But in the long run can anything short of a permanent government prevent a third world war in a world community that now lives in anarchy? For it to be a good government it ought to be set up voluntarily, not violently. Mr. Larson urges his fellow countrymen to seek justice voluntarily now and to stop being afraid to go to court.

Policing the Police Force

"The Price of Liberty," by Alan Barth *(Viking. 193 pp. $4.50), warns against the dangers inherent in relaxing the restraints imposed on police methods of detection, arrest, and prosecution. Telford Taylor has held a number of Government posts, including that of chief counsel at the Nuremberg Trials.*

By Telford Taylor

WELL-KNOWN as an editorial writer for the Washington *Post*, Alan Barth is a journalist whose special interest in questions of loyalty, security, and personal liberty has carried him frequently into the arena of public law. This, his third book in that general field, is the product of a year spent as a visiting research professor of political science at the University of California.

Mr. Barth's previous book ("Government by Investigation," published in 1955) dealt with the hazards to freedom of speech, press, and assembly arising from Congressional investigations such as were then being conducted by the House Un-American Activities Committee, the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, and the late Senator Joseph R. McCarthy's Subcommittee on Investigations. Now Mr. Barth has turned his attention to current abuses in the detection and punishment of crime.

—*Ellis.*

Alan Barth—controlled passion.

Mr. Barth opens by quoting Justice Brandeis's observation that the Founding Fathers "did not exalt order at the cost of liberty," and then announces "the thesis of this book that liberty is being imperiled today for the sake of order." This thesis the author expounds in nine chapters devoted primarily to arrest, search, interrogation, wiretapping and "bugging," entrapment, and the right to have counsel. Every page manifests Mr. Barth's passionate belief in the Constitutional provisions that protect the suspect and the accused against arbitrary or oppressive state action, and he himself would probably be the last to describe his work as "objective" in the sense that the policeman's point of view is presented with as much force and detail as is the quarry's.

Happily, the passion is controlled, and generates light without excessive heat. The tone is measured and the substance solid. Court records and judicial opinions are the principal sources; in other hands this might make for stodgy or intricate reading, but Mr. Barth uses his materials with skill and has produced a most readable book.

The subject is a timely one. Juvenile delinquency and the reportedly growing crime rate have focused public and political attention on detection, prevention, and punishment. There is a cry for "sterner methods," and concern for the social causes of crime is sneeringly described as "coddling."

In such an atmosphere there is an increasing and very understandable impatience with some of the restrictions that the law imposes on those charged with its enforcement. If there is a crime wave, why should not all "suspicious characters" be rounded up on vagrancy charges, or herded out of town by the police? Why not give the police a free hand in extracting confessions or in catching the gangsters with wire taps and microphones?

There are good reasons for these restraints, and Mr. Barth does well to remind us of them. The values of privacy and relaxed social intercourse, and Justice Brandeis's cherished right "to be let alone," are unknown in the police state, and would not long survive a repeal of the Bill of Rights. Brutal enforcement is not likely to be efficient, and coarse adjudicative methods endanger the innocent. At bottom lies the immutable principle that careless law enforcement is self-defeating because it destroys the very thing it purports to preserve. Sweeping disparagement of legal "technicalities" betrays ignorance of the human experience from which the rules are derived.

The subjects selected by Mr. Barth offer a fair panorama of criminal law enforcement today. One might well quarrel with the omission of conspiracy—that "darling of the modern prosecutor's nursery," as the late Judge Learned Hand once called it. The Supreme

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Saturday Review

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"The Peace Race"

EDITOR'S NOTE: *There are moments in history when words can make a vital difference. Such a moment came last week when President Kennedy addressed the sixteenth session of the United Nations General Assembly. In the view of the editors, the President's speech constituted one of the most constructive statements of American aims in recent United States history. News reports of the President's speech tended to emphasize the immediate issues—issues of clamor and confrontation. The talk, however, was significant primarily in terms of its long-range proposals looking toward a world rule of law. The editors gladly give this page to excerpts from the President's speech which emphasize these hopes.*

WE MEET in an hour of grief and challenge. Dag Hammarskjold is dead. But the United Nations lives on. . . . The problem is not the death of one man—the problem is the life of this organization. . . . For in the development of this organization rests the only true alternative to war—and war appeals no longer as a rational alternative. Unconditional war can no longer lead to unconditional victory. It can no longer serve to settle disputes. It can no longer be of concern to great powers alone. For a nuclear disaster, spread by winds and waters and fear, could well engulf the great and the small, the rich and the poor, the committed and the uncommitted alike. Mankind must put an end to war—or war will put an end to mankind. . . .

Today of all days our dedication to the U.N. Charter must be strengthened. It must be strengthened, first of all, by the selection of an outstanding civil servant to carry forward the responsibilities of the Secretary General—a man endowed with both the wisdom and the power to make meaningful the moral force of the world community. . . . The Secretary General . . . is the servant of this Assembly. Diminish his authority and you diminish the authority of the only body where all nations, regardless of power, are equal and sovereign. . . . Effective and independent executive action is not the same question as balanced representation. In view of the enormous change in the membership of this body since its founding, the American Delegation will join in any effort for the prompt review and revision of the composition of United Nations bodies. . . .

Men no longer debate whether armaments are a symptom or cause of tension. The mere existence of modern weapons—ten million times more destructive than anything the world has ever known, and only minutes away from any target on earth—is a source of horror, of discord, and distrust. Men no longer maintain that disarmament must await the settlement of all disputes—for disarmament must be a part of any permanent settlement. And men no longer pretend that the quest for disarmament is a sign of weakness—for in a spiraling arms race, a nation's security may well be shrinking even as its arms increase. . . . *The risks inherent in disarmament pale in comparison to the risks inherent in an unlimited arms race* [italics ours]. . . .

It is therefore our intention to challenge the Soviet Union, not to an arms race, but to a peace race—to advance with us step by step, stage by stage, until general and complete disarmament has actually been achieved. We invite them now to go beyond agreement in principle to reach agreement on actual plans.

The program to be presented to this Assembly—for general and complete disarmament under effective international control—moves to bridge the gap between those who insist on a gradual approach and those who talk only of the final and total achievement. It would create machinery to keep the peace as it destroys the machines of war. It would proceed through balanced and safeguarded stages designed to give no state a military advantage over another. It would place the final responsibility for verification and control where it belongs—not with the big powers alone, not with one's adversary or one's self—but in an international organization within the framework of the United Nations itself.

It would assure that indispensable condition of disarmament—true inspection—in stages proportionate to the stage of disarmament. It would cover delivery systems as well as weapons. It would ultimately halt their production as well as their testing, their transfer as well as their possession. It would achieve, under the eye of an international Disarmament Organization, a steady reduction in forces, both nuclear and conventional, until it has abolished all armies and all weapons except those needed for internal order and a new United Nations Peace Force. And it starts that process now, today, even as the talks begin. . . .

I THEREFORE propose, on the basis of this plan, that disarmament negotiations resume promptly, and continue without interruption until an entire program for complete and general disarmament has not only been agreed upon but actually achieved. . . .

To destroy arms, however, is not enough. We must create even as we destroy—creating world-wide law and law enforcement as we outlaw world-wide war and weapons. . . .

For peace is not solely a military or technical problem—it is primarily a problem of politics and people. And unless man can match his strides in weaponry and technology with equal strides in social and political development, our great strength, like that of the dinosaur, will become incapable of proper control—and man, like the dinosaur, will decline and disappear. . . .

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WHOSE FAILURE?

SYDNEY HARRIS's assurance that "as distinct from mere reminiscences, there are only three justifications for autobiography: confession, contrition, or conversion" would be enviable if it had not led him into the error of confusing an existing work with an imaginary one of his own construction.

To complain of Virgilia Peterson's "A Matter of Life and Death" [*SR*, Sept. 16] that in it she does not confess something as important as Rousseau, that she does not repent something as serious as St. Augustine, and that she does not embrace something as fundamental as Chesterton, is simply to ignore the work at hand. Had Mr. Harris resisted the temptation to brandish his categories, and addressed himself instead to the book Miss Peterson has actually written, he might have noticed how little it really resembles an autobiography, and how much it looks like a plea that we human beings at least accept (if we cannot completely understand) one another on this fragile globe, for the forces of alienation are elemental, blind, and seeking whom they may destroy.

This, I suggest, is the matter of life and death to which the title refers, and its dramatic exposition, illustrated from primary experience and set forth with all the resources of advocacy that art, intelligence, and courage can command, is the real justification for the book.

THOMAS N. RAE.

New York, N.Y.

"A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH" is not a failure as a book. The failure is Mr. Harris's.

Virgilia Peterson's book is a fascinating and exciting work, moving and exasperating and deeply human. Miss Peterson's estrangement from her sex has ended. Any woman who reads this book will recognize her kinship with its author. And, to judge by the "impressive roster of recommendations on the jacket," it is not only women who will be stirred by Miss Peterson's story, but everyone who has ever honestly tried to evaluate his reactions to the people and events that molded him.

The book is not perfect. It has faults, as have all human strivings, but it deserved superior and sensitive criticism.

NELLE HABER.

New York, N.Y.

TALKING POINT

MARIO PEI's view that Esperanto and Interlingua are serious contenders with English in the search for an international auxiliary language [*SR*, Sept. 9] is probably natural for a Romance philologist. Both are based largely on Latin.

But a great part of the world is innocent of any knowledge of Latin or its Romanic descendants. The news that Fidel Castro is importing 100 teachers of Russian gives a clue as to a likely rival of English. English, however, has the advantage of a long head start in all parts of the world. It also has the advantage of having been the subject of research in hundreds of studies of methods and materials for teaching it as a foreign language. Such schools as the English Language Institute of the University of Michigan have not only developed carefully prepared series of texts, based on scientific studies of vocabulary, grammar, and pronunciation from the specific point of view of suitability for teaching speakers of other tongues, but have sent many carefully prepared teachers to all parts of the world.

LEO L. ROCKWELL,
Professor of English.
Florida Southern College.

Lakeland, Fla.

THANK YOU FOR the interesting article by Mario Pei, "Ending the Language Traffic Jam."

However, it is to be hoped Dr. Pei's conclusion is mistaken—that English is the likely choice for an international language because it was preferred by over half the voters in several polls in past years. The polls were taken, no doubt, of random tourists and students, most of whom likely had never heard of Esperanto. I believe Esperanto needs only to become better known to become the clear choice.

Esperanto already has been tested for over seventy years, growing in richness and flexibility for the international role and developing a unique international spirit. Also, the monumental task of translating the great classics and much modern literature already has been accomplished in Esperanto; why regress many years and have to begin that task all over in changed English?

Finally, it would lend greater pride and stature to the less developed nations if they were not obliged to learn a language of any large nation in order to take part in the mainstream of culture and progress, but could meet on the basis of a much simpler, neutral language. Similarly, it is difficult to envision the great powers setting aside national jealousies so as to admit their elevating another nation's language to international rank. Would we want it to be Russian?

MARY J. GIBSON.

Fresno, Calif.

IN MARIO PEI's "Ending the Language Traffic Jam," both Esperanto and Interlingua present an impressive case. My choice is Interlingua—for a very simple reason: Being unacquainted with either, I found I was able fairly easily to understand the example of Interlingua, but not so Esperanto.

A. HERBERT PERON.

Chicago, Ill.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH.
"Land bird or sea bird? Frankly I didn't take time to look."

The *SR* MAILBAG has never been as full as it is right now. An unprecedented number of letters has arrived recently, particularly in reaction to John Ciardi's two columns on libraries and librarians, Rabbi Roland B. Gittelsohn's article "Have We Outgrown God?" and John F. Wharton's "Diary of a Man Struggling with Reality." A sampling of these letters will appear soon in a special section now in preparation.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Leningrad "Sleeping Beauty" and "Giselle"

ARTISTIC enterprises are, traditionally, no more than the sum of their parts but the Kirov Ballet from Leningrad can thank one of its number for making its first American engagement at the Metropolitan Opera House at least twice what it would have been otherwise. She is, of course, the enchanting Alla Sizova, whose Princess Aurora made the visitors' "Sleeping Beauty" not merely interesting or creditable but something to be remembered whenever Tchaikovsky's music arouses the anticipation of a new Aurora to come into view before us.

For reasons, perhaps, of sound if inverted psychology, the visitors saved the best of their full-length ballets for the last, following "Swan Lake" which had opened the engagement, and "Giselle" which had followed. In scenic production as well as completeness of presentation, it was comfortably superior to both, which is, after all, as it should be. "Sleeping Beauty" has been a Leningrad, or a Petrograd, or a St. Petersburg pride since its introduction to the world there in 1890. At full length it runs to four and a half hours, but even at the "abbreviated" length arranged for the American tour—a mere three and three-quarter hours (with intermissions)—it projects a bigger, broader, more detailed panorama of the great Tchaikovsky-Petipa conception than has been seen hereabouts in decades.

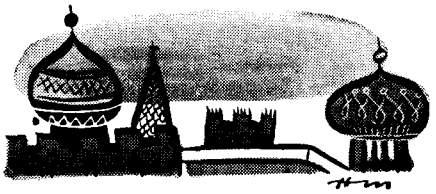
To be sure, some of the settings and costumes looked as though they might be lineal descendants from the very first, which means, simply, that one man's tradition is another man's complacence. Together, however, they provided a spacious frame in which the enduring beauties of Petipa's choreography (as revised by Konstantin Sergeyev) spun a net of enticement as binding, if no more palpable, than the spiderweb suspended over the sleeping courtiers between Parts 1 and 2 of Act II to suggest their state of suspension till Aurora is awakened by Prince Charming.

Where Sizova was concerned, this was her only moment of inactivity. Much of the mood and a good deal of the animation in the production were provided by this exhilarating young performer, who comes closer to making a character of her role than any of her colleagues. To be sure, she has such valuable advantages as youth, good looks, a phenomenal technique, and practically limitless energy. But, above and beyond these physical attributes, Sizova exudes the confidence, the graciousness, the nonoffensive superiority associated (rightly or wrongly) with princesses. Whether or not there is any aristocracy still flowing in Muscovite veins (she is a native of Moscow) Sizova is pure bred of the balletic blood royal.

It helps, of course, that she has the miraculous balance to make the Rose Adagio seem a breeze rather than a bad blow, the capacity to cover even a larger stage than the Metropolitain in a couple of leaps and a bound, the resource to crown her exuberance in this episode with an airy evolution embodying a kick as well as a grand jeté. These are the things which win the hands of an audience: but she also has the charm that wins their hearts.

This production dwells at some length on the hunting episode and the vision scene which introduces Act II, which is well when the Prince is the agile, beautifully built Yuri Soloviev. The whole of the role offers less opportunity for dancing than one might prefer for him, but he is, in all circumstances, an admirable partner, a perfect complement to Sizova in youth and bearing. At a second showing, when the Aurora was the talented but less sparkling Ninel Kurgapkina and the Prince was Vlodilen Semenov, the top standard fell back decidedly toward the company level, which is all right in terms of conformity, but left the total effort lacking its special marks of distinction.

Inasmuch as the Lilac Fairy in two successive performances was Inna Zubkovskaya, the assumption must be that she is the best the Kirov company has to offer. I found rather uncomfortable (not to say unconvincing) the unflexing grin she wore from first to last, a typical dependence on the mechanical rather than the meaningful. Of her skill there could be no question (she was the Odette-Odile of the opening night "Swan Lake"), nor of the outstanding attributes of the other fairies who showered their blessings on the infant Aurora in the prologue (among them Natalia Makarova and the same Kurgapkina who danced the leading role the next afternoon). Some of them came into view in the divertissements of the final scene (as Princess Florine, the Diamond Fairy, etc.) where the pure joy-in-movement they conveyed caused no regrets for absent values (none others being required here).



In a panorama of "Giselles" extending over twenty years or so, New York audiences have seen productions which were very little more than action for the soloists, other versions in which some degree of ensemble, even a substantial amount of it, made more or less of the whole opportunity provided by the original of Jean Coralli and Jules Perrot. But the Kirov "Giselle" (supervised, again, by Sergeyev) is the first in that time in which the ensemble comes close to overbalancing the thread of purpose associated with Giselle and her tragic love.

It is possible, of course, that there is as much illustration as fact in this conclusion, the Giselles being in the first instance Irina Kolpakova and in the second Natalia Makarova. Another, more powerful personification of the unfortunate peasant might, in exactly the same allotment of ensemble and solo action, have dominated rather than been dominated. But each of these, for all their command of physical detail—a respect in which Kolpakova was especial adept—was inversely effective, dramatically, to some greater Giselles who, if out of sight, were never out of mind. When Kurgapkina and Soloviev took over for their pas de deux in Act I, or the Willis commanded the stage in Act II, the ballet could have been anything in the repertory with "incidental solos," rather than the opportunity for a memorable dramatic impersonation. I don't suppose there is another company with two such potentially fine Giselles: but it is a promise that will have to mature into performance before either can be measured by present and past Giselles, East as well as West.

The durable Seminov, who has danced leading male roles in all three full-length ballets (sometimes on successive days) is perhaps the best Albrecht that has been seen here since Igor Youskevitch. That is to say, he has manliness as well as grace, strength as well as lightness. If he didn't make quite the impression in Act II that some Albrechts have, it could be a matter of direction rather than ability. The musical supervision of Evgeni Dubovski ("Sleeping Beauty") and Vadim Kalentiev ("Giselle") was prevailingly of the order previously heard: purposeful and painstaking, with some expectable deviations in tempos and other emphases from those to which we are accustomed.

—Irving Kolodin.

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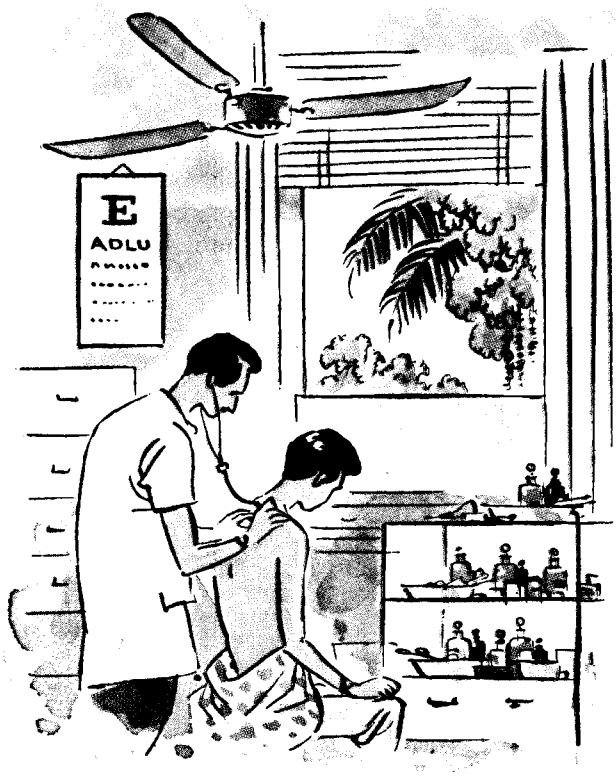
How minding our own business gets a lot of other things done

Hospital in the Jungle

Several years after oil was found in Venezuela, one of our affiliates started exploration there. The first 42 wells we drilled were dry. But No. 43 came in.



At first, the hospital served only company families. But some years after the camp had become a town, the hospital was leased to a medical missionary society.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (New Jersey)

ESSO

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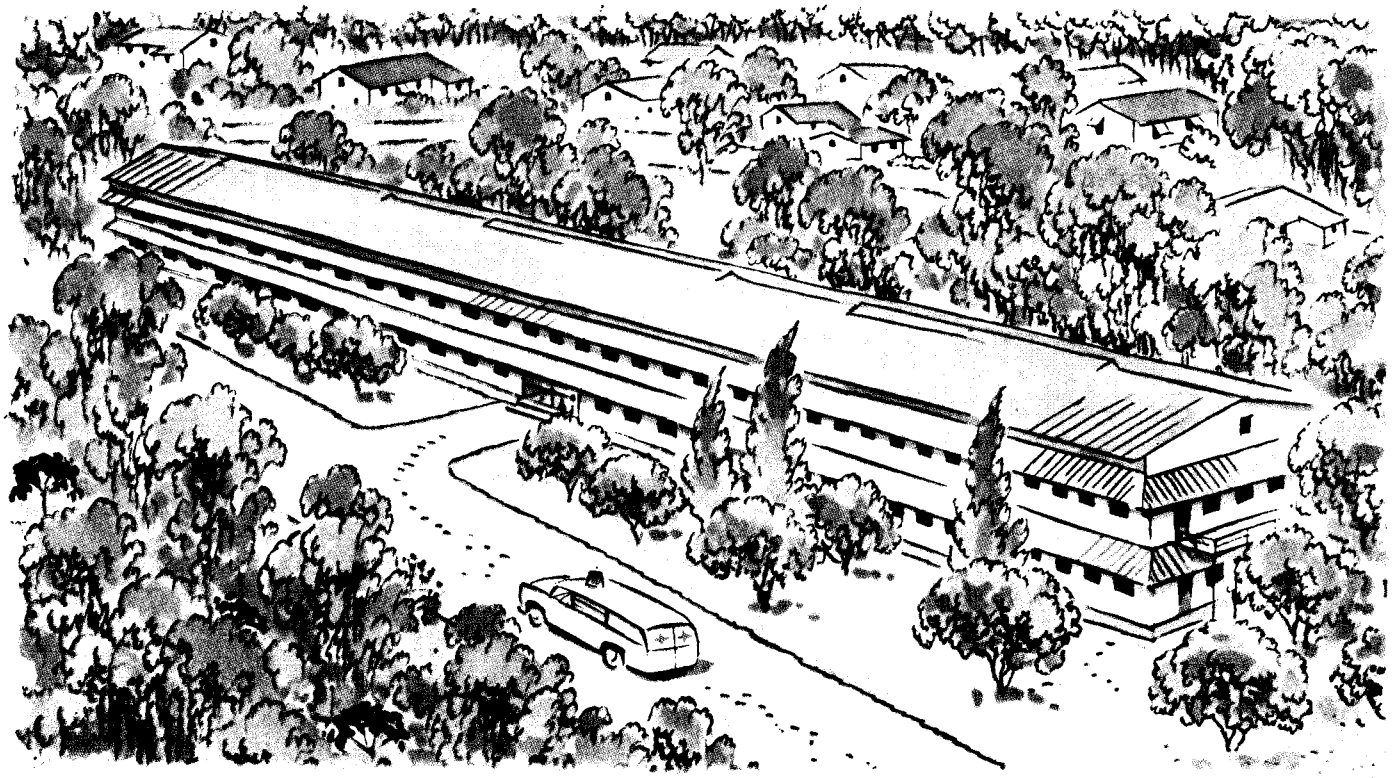
The discovery was in wild jungle. Equipment had to be moved up the San Juan River, transshipped on barges, then hauled twenty roadless, back-breaking miles.

At Caripito—then a point on the river—a loading terminal, then a refinery were set up. Housing and other facilities, built from scratch, included a hospital.



Caripito is but one of the places where company hospitals—built of necessity—have subsequently been turned over to serve the community at large.

These hospitals have helped raise standards of health, sanitation, and medical education. *Business, conducted with imagination, can often produce unexpected benefits.*

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ANNOUNCING *SR's* NINTH ANNUAL

World Travel Photo Competition

TWO GRAND PRIZES

for color winner: **A TRIP TO PARIS**

for black-and-white winner: **A TRIP TO TOKYO**

PLUS 20 ADDITIONAL CASH PRIZES

Award-winning photographs will again be featured in Saturday Review's annual World Travel Calendar issue. The next Calendar, to appear January 6, 1962, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in fifty countries.

The Calendar will be fully illustrated by the World Travel Awards photographs. One of the prize winners will be reproduced on the cover of the January 6th issue.

The Awards pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography:

Norris Harkness—Past President, Photographic Society of America, syndicated columnist, and leading authority on photography.

Ivan Dmitri—Leading color and magazine photographer.

Leopold Godowsky—Co-inventor of Kodachrome.

The important thing is to read the complete rules below, and start sending in your entries now, either color or black-and-white.

Deadline for entries is October 15, 1961.

SR's 1960 PHOTO CONTEST WINNERS

Joseph C. Zavatt of Woodmere, Long Island, 1960 winner of the grand prize for color. Judge Zavatt won a round-trip to the Orient with his photograph of a Yemenite Rabbi.

Paul Petroff of Great Neck, Long Island, 1960 winner of the grand prize for black-and-white. Mr. Petroff's photograph of a Mexican girl won him a round-trip to Rome.

PHOTO AWARDS ➡

Saturday Review

25 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

Should the Grand Prize winners prefer some other trip than the ones outlined above, the equivalent for one or two persons can be arranged on request.

Award Rules

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of Saturday Review, members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Pictures must have been taken after July 1, 1960, during a trip away from home for either holiday or business purposes.

3. **Black-and-white photographs**

a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints 8 x 10, unmounted.

b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.

c. Developing and printing may be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.

d. No negatives should be submitted.

e. No prints will be returned.

4. **Color photographs**

a. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard.

b. Color prints must be 8 x 10, unmounted.

c. Stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.

d. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and must be written on the mount of each transparency or on the back of each print.

e. Transparencies and color prints will be returned to entrant only if accompanied by return postage.

5. Saturday Review assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or color transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than two black-and-white pictures and/or two color pictures to this magazine's World Travel Photographic Awards Department. All pictures must be postmarked no later than October 15, 1961, to be eligible for judging. **IMPORTANT: NO MORE THAN FOUR PICTURES, TWO IN EACH CATEGORY, CAN BE SUBMITTED BY ANY ONE ENTRANT.**

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.

8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner prior to January 6, 1962. Winning pictures become the property of Saturday Review.

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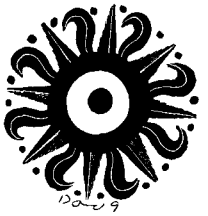

BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

In Schnitz and Kneppland

A NUMBER of festivals and at least one Broadway show have put some light on the Pennsylvania Dutch, one of America's most fascinating and curious societies, but not until the Pennsylvania Dutch Harvest Frolic staged in Lancaster in the fading days of summer has the public ever had better than a running glance at the life and times of the Plain People. Although the fair was sponsored by the Pennsylvania Folklife Society at Franklin and Marshall College, the word "frolic" was looked upon with considerable suspicion by the Amish, the plainest of the Plain People. On opening day there was only one Amish type in clear view in beard and broad-brimmed hat, working at a refreshment stand selling shoo-fly pies and pretzels. But he himself was at some odds with the order and had on previous occasion undergone the rigors of shunning, a strict form of Coventry which the Amish still practice. But if the Amish elders had themselves shunned the frolic, the Amish youths did not. Much to the surprise of the Folklife Society people themselves, bands of Amish youths came to the Frolic each evening to dance in the hoedown on the recreated commons, and to teach others their forms and figures, which resemble the Appalachian Reel of the nineteenth century.

In the week-long run of the Pennsylvania Dutch Harvest Frolic all the legend and the lore so long talked about and explained, so hidden from the view of the world outside, began to bubble up on the fairgrounds of southeastern Pennsylvania. There were shooting matches with muzzle-loader rifles, barn raising and jigging demonstrations, water witching and hex sign painting, folksongs sung in that vaudeville dialect employed by the Pennsylvania Dutch, and old and strange funeral practices remembered.

On view in the funeral tent were the six-cornered coffins called Die Lawd, and still used by the conservative elements. The Amish embalm their dead because the state requires them to, but it is said some use ice coffins to this day, and several were on display. It was a custom, and some groups still maintain it, to offer a big dinner to all the mourners. The ceremony was called a *sees koocha schpree*, or sweet cake spree. Raisin pies, still traditionally served after burials, are called *leicht boi*, or funeral pie.

One whole section of the fairgrounds was given over to foods, a proper thing since eating is an important pleasure to the Plain People, who starve themselves of so many worldly goods. There were crisp pretzels served with chunks of homemade Swiss cheese, soft pretzels sparkling with diamond chips of coarse salt, Amish vanilla pie, strip pie, schnitzel pie, and that favorite—for reasons unknown to me—shoo-fly pie, a goo of brown sugar and molasses that comes with either wet bottom or dry. There was potato soup and bonna rivvel soup, chow-chow, corn relish, and spiced canteloupe jam, all of which could be used in the seven sweets and seven sours that traditionally commence a meal in Pennsylvania Dutchland. Birch beer flowed, tasting like who - dropped - the - mouthwash - in - the-root-beer, while a few yards away a wizened lady with a wonderful smile and bonnet on her head was making sauerkraut in a big porcelain tub. Said she as she tamped down the shredded cabbage with a plunger, "First you gotta *schwear* it down and then you put in salt. How much salt? Oh, maybe about a couple of handfuls."

IF her directions were a bit informal, Pennsylvania cooking, to judge by the results available now at public places all over southeastern Pennsylvania, seems to follow precise recipes. The "Amish Dutch Cookbook" lists such delectables as *schlopp* or *millich boi*, oatmeal scrapple (also called *ponhaws*), stuffed pork chops (alias *sei flaysch rip schtayks*), stuffed pig's stomach and *schnitz* and *knepp*, the recipe for which sounds like kitchen-table double-talk. Sample: "Add 2 to 3 cups sweet apple *schnitz* which have been soaked in water . . . drop *knepp* into *schnitz* and ham mixture from a small spoon . . . place *knepp* lumps on top of ingredients in kettle . . . serve *schnitz* in center of platter surrounded by *knepp*. . . ."

Many of these recipes and dozens of others are exercised continually by the Plain People. The Amish order, which divides itself into House Amish and Church Amish, makes eating an important part of every religious and social event. The House Amish, who worship in each other's homes, are tendered an elaborate meal by the host and hostess in whose home they have just worshipped. The big bowls come in steaming with pot pie made with soft noodles afloat in a rich gravy, and apple dumplings made from tart apples dried slowly to hold their flavor through the season. The sweets and sours may range into such esoterics as pepper cabbage, jellied pigs' feet, apple butter, and hard-boiled eggs pickled with beet juice and spice.

No event brings forth a greater effort from Amish kitchens than a wedding. Once the bride and groom are seated in a room filled with young unmarried friends, the older married folks arranged in other rooms, and the children relegated to separate quarters, the feast begins. Vincent Tortora, a specialist in Pennsylvania Dutch folkways, who once wangled an invitation to an Amish wedding, described the eating ritual in his book "The Amish Folk in Words and Pictures" as including four types of meat, fourteen types of vegetables, and thirty types of desserts.

In the evening it started all over

THE ARTFUL RIVIERA

Coming next week in SR:

- Noel Coward on Travel
- Leonard Lyons on Somerset Maugham
- Art Buchwald on Princess Grace
- Horace Sutton on Dali
- Geoffrey Bocca on Riviera types
- Katherine Kuh on Riviera art
- Paintings by Picasso, Chagall, Dufy and Matisse in color
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and much, much more!

This frolic along the French, Spanish and Italian Rivieras has been edited by SR's travel editor Horace Sutton for the delight and guidance of Saturday Review readers.

Coming Oct. 14th.
Don't miss it!

Saturday Review

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again except that the unmarried boys and girls, hitherto separated, were now mixed. The meal was, as Tortora states, "equally as overwhelming" as the one that took place a few hours before. Toasts were made in lemonade by the Bishop and the fathers of the newly-weds. After some hymn-singing and folk games the women came into the barn, it being about 10:30 P.M., and announced that it was again time to eat. The entire assemblage repaired once more to the tables to nibble cold leftovers. It was after midnight when the guests departed in their carriages. The last person to leave was the groom, who, oddly enough, rode back to his house in his parents' buggy. He was back the next morning and every day to visit his wife, but it wasn't until the next Sunday after church that they rode to his home together and stayed a few days. Then in a buggy they embarked on a honeymoon tour of Amish homes, stopping at different places for lunch and for dinner and lodging. Each day as they prepared to take leave of their hosts, a child was dispatched to put a wedding gift in their carriage. When they returned home there would be a new house, bought or built for them by their fathers and their friends.

MANY of the outward aspects of Pennsylvania Dutch life can be viewed by veering left or right from Route 30, a highway that stretches between Lancaster and Philadelphia. There, in the gentle rolling lands, are the trim, rich, beautiful farms. When I was there the other week the lands were green and the tobacco hung in neat sheaves in the sheds. Anyone equipped with a Pennsylvania Dutch Tourist Map could thread his way through the oddly named townships—Bird-in-Hand, Smoketown, Paradise, Bareville, and Fertility, to find Moses Stoltzfus's home-made ice-cream, Esh's Harness Shop, Eichelberger's Harness Shop, and the Lititz Pretzel House, which first began twisting dough in 1788. The Mascot Roller Mill, which has been in continuous operation and owned by the same family since 1760, is still grinding flour for the Plain People. Buggy wheels were piled in front of a carriage shop I visited, but a sign warned visitors not to take pictures and a woman with the voice of a shrew cried out sharply to occupants of a car who had cameras strung on their necks. Other than that we were welcome and we coursed through the small factory to see the boarded-up buggies that are used by married people and the light, open, rakish courting buggies used by the young. The only deference made to civilization are the tail lights powered by a hidden battery, required by local law.

In the shops one could buy a packaged shoo-fly pie, or reasonable facsimile thereof, but there were also such goods as boneset, an herb that will "create appetite and reduce a feverish cold"; sunflower seeds, good for "oiling" one's joints; and catnip tea, which was useful in curing infants' colic, dandy for skin poisoning, and ideal for soaking anything that was sore. Tea made from chestnut leaves was a curative for whooping cough and not bad for chills and fever. Asaffetida, bought in the country store, was hung in a bag around the neck and warded off germs. In truth, the odor of it was so bad that it warded off people who carried germs. And then there was burdick root, a blood purifier, good for dandruff and soothing for burns. Calling a doctor wasn't necessary in Pennsylvania Dutchland, especially if there was a gardener handy. —HORACE SUTTON.

Whaddaya Read?

LAST WEEK, as the Soviet bomb explosions were in their teens, there was word of the imminent arrival in the U.S. of the head of the American and British desk of Intourist, the Soviet government agency, coming on yet another promotional trip. Even while they speckled the air with fallout, the Russians were by no means limiting their tourist drive. Tourist dollars were still useful, and when it suited their convenience the Soviets also played politics with the tourists they encouraged. Such a case was Marvin Makinen, an American tourist, whose arrest on July 27 was not announced until September 5. It was strange and it was cynical that Makinen, a student in Berlin, was kept on ice until he could be produced as Exhibit A of the Soviets' propaganda theme that West Berlin must go because it is a center for "revanchists and saboteurs." Political tourism is a new game, but it takes two to play, politicians and tourists. A recent losing player: Castro, whose American tourist business was once worth $65,000,000 a year, now is worth zero.

American in Russia Gets 8 Years as Spy

By THEODORE SHABAD
Special to The New York Times.

MOSCOW, Sept. 5—A Soviet military tribunal sentenced Marvin William Makinen, an American tourist, to eight years' detention today on espionage charges.

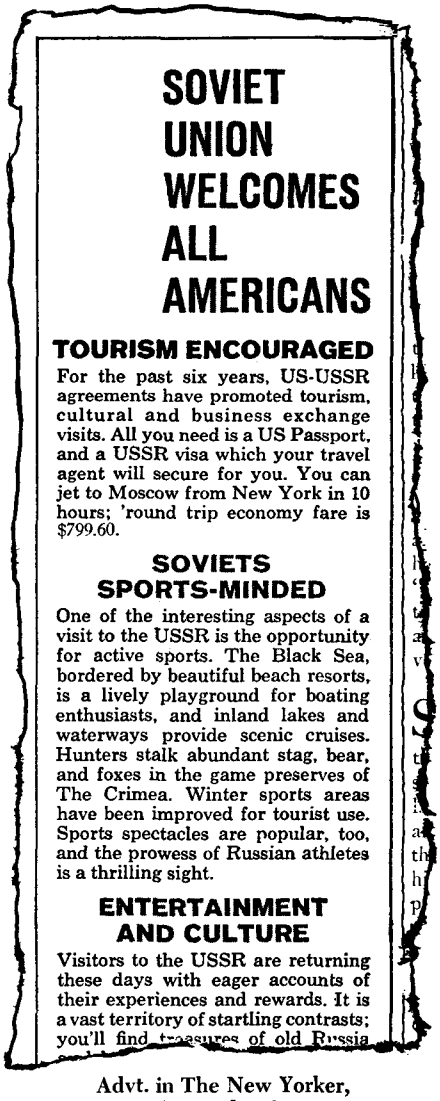
He is to serve two years in prison and six years in a corrective labor camp.

Details of Mr. Makinen's alleged spying activities and his two-day trial by a tribunal of the Kiev Military District were reported tonight by the Moscow radio and by Izvestia, the Soviet Government newspaper.

The American's arrest July 27 was disclosed yesterday when the Soviet Foreign Ministry protested to the United States Embassy here about what it described as continuing use by United States intelligence agencies

Continued on Page 10, Column 1

News story in The New York Times, September 6.



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For the past six years, US-USSR agreements have promoted tourism, cultural and business exchange visits. All you need is a US Passport, and a USSR visa which your travel agent will secure for you. You can jet to Moscow from New York in 10 hours; 'round trip economy fare is $799.60.

SOVIETS SPORTS-MINDED

One of the interesting aspects of a visit to the USSR is the opportunity for active sports. The Black Sea, bordered by beautiful beach resorts, is a lively playground for boating enthusiasts, and inland lakes and waterways provide scenic cruises. Hunters stalk abundant stag, bear, and foxes in the game preserves of The Crimea. Winter sports areas have been improved for tourist use. Sports spectacles are popular, too, and the prowess of Russian athletes is a thrilling sight.

ENTERTAINMENT AND CULTURE

Visitors to the USSR are returning these days with eager accounts of their experiences and rewards. It is a vast territory of startling contrasts; you'll find treasures of old Russia

Advt. in The New Yorker, September 9.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Evil and Innocence

THE HUSTLER is an expert pool player who pretends to be nothing special until the stakes are high enough, and then hustles an unwary opponent out of his money by quickly whistling impossible shots into the side and corner pockets. Such a fellow is the somewhat unsavory hero of Robert Rossen's new film, **"The Hustler,"** which is not only uncommonly fascinating in its delineation of the type and the background in which he operates, but also has some of the best acting to be seen in movies this year. Mr. Rossen has also provided his curious drama with some psychological and moral considerations, and while I am not at all sure that actual denizens of billiard academies are much concerned about matters of this kind, I found myself vastly intrigued by the problems of the hustler, as played by Paul Newman, who does as good a job here as we have yet to see him do.

Eddie Felson has hustled his way across the country with his partner, Charlie, and he is ready to take on a vaunted opponent in New York, reputed to be the best pool player in the country. His name is Minnesota Fats, and he dresses impeccably, wears a carnation in his buttonhole, and is backed by a gambler called Bert Gordon. It's all rather conventionally melodramatic up to this point, made interesting by clever, unusual photography. Then suddenly we are taken on to another level. Eddie, we find, is not only testing himself, but underneath it all he tends to seek his own defeat. The gambler, a smooth, sinister fellow, then moves into Eddie's life, ready to use him for his own hustling purposes.

And there is more than this, as Eddie runs into a crippled, pretty, alcoholic girl. The relationship between these two becomes dreadfully, hauntingly real, and love blossoms in seemingly unfertile ground. The girl, a pathetic drifter until she meets the pool player, senses the menace represented by the gambler, but tags along when he and Eddie entrain for Louisville to do some high-class hustling. As the girl, Piper Laurie is remarkably convincing, but it is George C. Scott, as the gambler, who does most to give the film its tour de force quality. Scott is unquestionably one of the most gifted American actors to have emerged in recent years. He can rivet the attention with a gesture, with a word. When Minnesota Fats wonders whether he should continue challenging the young pool shark, one sentence by Scott gives the requisite shock. "He's a loser," is all that Scott says, but its effect is like a grenade tossed suddenly into a room.

In fact, Scott is so keyed up that, at times, he literally quivers, a repellant symbol of the man out to grab all he can, a man who knows all the angles, and generally manages to get his cut. The battle of wills between Scott, Newman, and Miss Laurie becomes fierce and somehow significant, a fight for domination in which one of the three is eventually crushed. The film is, by turns, moody and electric, made so by Rossen's subtle direction, and Eugene Shufton's skilful photography. Jackie Gleason is praiseworthy as Minnesota Fats, and obviously knows how to handle a cue; and Murray Hamilton must be singled out, too, as an effete, rich billiard player who likes to take on the sharks. Put this one high on your list of films worth seeing.

AND equally worth seeing is **"Loss of Innocence,"** a well-directed English movie made from Rumer Godden's "The Greengage Summer." Almost gentle in mood, filled with charm, it is a story of a rogue who captures the hearts of some children tucked away for a summer holiday in the French chateau country while their mother, suddenly taken ill, languishes in a hospital. One of the brood is a girl rapidly blossoming into maturity, and she is the one who discovers the mysterious occupation of a boarder at the chateau, goes through a series of funny, poignant, and occasionally terrifying adventures, and eventually emerges a sadder, wiser, and all but grown-up girl. Susannah York very capably suggests the girl's emotions, and Kenneth More brings bluff humor to the boarder who captivates the summer residents at the chateau, and is particularly successful with the owner, played by no less an actress than Dannielle Darrieux.

The movie avoids profundities, settling instead for an underplayed evocation of an unusual summer. It is really a quiet kind of adventure story that never takes itself too seriously. Made in color that gently glows, "Loss of Innocence" profits from what might be termed English understatement. The life at the chateau is deftly suggested under Lewis Gilbert's direction, and he makes his people seem real and understandable. Not all of the sensitive qualities of the novel emerge in the film, but that would be asking for a great deal. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

An Old Scholar

By Kate Barnes

With an old actress he lived in a summerhouse
On a half-acre island in the artificial lake
Of an overgrown ducal park. The folly was Doric,
Its elegant portico lost among untrimmed willows.
They slept on canvas cots and cooked on a primus
And when the rain came through the gilded ceiling
He covered his books with what was left of his raincoat
And they tugged the marbel urns to the worst of the leaks.

He worked in the mornings while she watched the birds
And in the afternoons they went boating together.
As he rowed she trailed her white hand; the reflected ripples
Flashed on the underleaves of the bordering wood.
Sometimes they caught a glimpse of the unicorns—
A small herd, probably the last in existance—
And, charmed by such beautiful rarities, they extolled
The noble preserver of the noble quarry.

At first the whole island was yellow with daffodils;
Later that color returned in the willow leaves.
The nights grew cold but they did not tell each other
Their dreams of winter at the summerhouse door
And their conversation remained as gay and courtly
As that of two children playing at king and queen.
Meeting the harried duke, he could never quite bring himself
To ask his grace what was to become of them.

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—JOHN MASON BROWN

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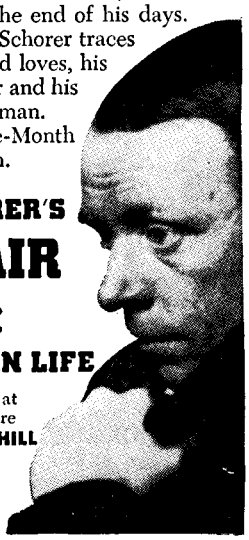
Now Mark Schorer traces Lewis' life and loves, his rise as a writer and his downfall as a man.

Book-of-the-Month Club selection.



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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Speak Your Wait

SAMUEL BECKETT's newest play, "**Happy Days,**" contains two characters waiting for Heaven in an earthly Hell. One, Winnie, who first appears embedded up to her bosom in a mound of scorched earth, is farther advanced than the other, her husband Willie. Willie sits naked behind the mound Vaselining himself against the heat, relishing dirty postcards, and reluctantly wriggling into his hole when the bell rings for sleep. Only occasionally does he summon up a word of reply to his wife's constant prattle as she goes through the disciplines that will reconcile her to a will-less paradise. In Act II Winnie has advanced to the point where she is now buried up to her neck, and Willie, who is losing his powers, struggles in vain to reach a gun that would permit him to kill himself, ostensibly in preference to taking the slow road to Heaven.

In its world premiere at the Cherry Lane Theatre, the production is meticulous. William Ritman's glaring yellow setting provides a quality of mercilessness that makes ridiculous Winnie's constant repetition of thanksgivings. Alan Schneider's direction is sure-handed and explicit even when the text is allusive and enigmatic. As Winnie, Ruth White speaks Beckett's eternal monologue of chopped phrases with constantly renewed attack. And as her husband, John C. Becher is eloquent in his refusal to say any word that could possibly give his wife fuel for conversation.

Why, then, should "Happy Days" seem somewhat remote and artificial? Possibly it is because there is too much emphasis on demonstrating its author's discursive notions and too little onstage grappling with the main tragedy, which is man's incapacity to appreciate the value of the human condition until too late. For despite the play's superfluity of erudite allusions, Beckett flourishes better as a poet than as a philosopher, and is more humanist than logician.

Anti-logic may indeed be the desperate answer to a world that is rowing toward an illogical self-destruction with short, logical strokes. And N. F. Simpson's "**One Way Pendulum**" at the East 74th Street Theatre represents a rather good and frequently quite funny attempt to show us how the logical consequences of illogical human obsessions can leave us all living reasonably in what amounts to a madhouse.

Mr. Simpson's madhouse is the home of an average Englishman named Groomkirby. Mrs. Groomkirby, who has a mania for a neat larder, hires a woman to come in and eat all the leftovers, in preference to throwing them out or not buying so much. Young Kirby Groomkirby is up in the attic training 500 speak-your-weight machines to sing Handel's "Hallelujah" Chorus, and the head of the household, Arthur, who is a law buff, builds a do-it-yourself Old Bailey in the parlor. In it the play's final scene takes place, an absurd trial in which obvious innocence is by logical analysis made to seem guilt, and vice versa.

Apt as Mr. Simpson's observations may be, the play's jokes fight a losing battle. Each sequence is built up like a pyramid of dominoes until it topples with the weight of its elaboration. Under Douglas Seale's direction, the best things are good in flashes: the training of the speak-your-weight machines, as Dino Narizzano leads them in a passionate fervor that changes to hilarious frustration when one of them stubbornly interjects "Fifteen stone ten pounds"; the way Anna Russell finishes her prodigious eating chore with the polite and routine "I think that's more or less everything"; the gleam in Gerald Hiken's eye as he figures out how to get a huge piece of lumber in the door by ferrying it through the second row of the audience; and the satirical portraits of judge and prosecutor by Carey Nairnes and Paxton Whitehead.

Unfortunately a great deal of the humor strikes American ears as overly tame silliness. Perhaps our less formal way of life gives us a different boiling point for laughter than our British cousins.

AT City Center the Greek Tragedy Theatre from Athens, with its remarkable choral speaking and moving, is presenting "**Electra.**" Its star, Aspassia Papathanassiou, is most impressive with her rare combination of youthful beauty and the inner strength required for the large tragic role. Her performance and the discipline of the chorus supply power and immediacy to a not otherwise unusual staging of a classic.

—HENRY HEWES.

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FICTION

The Gift of Guilt

***"Riders in the Chariot," by Patrick White** (Viking. 532 pp. $5.95), transcends its Australian setting to deal with the universal theme of human redemption in a world of evil. David Dempsey frequently reviews fiction in these pages.*

By David Dempsey

THOSE who have read Patrick White's previous novels know that he is a writer of extraordinary virtuosity. "The Aunt's Story" was a brilliant, if difficult, study in the psychopathology of a woman's estrangement from life. White's best book, "The Tree of Man," dealt with the emergence of civilization in Australia, and its betrayal by urban culture. "Riders in the Chariot" grapples with still another monumental theme, man's search for redemption. White treats this problem, not in terms of original sin, but of the guilt bequeathed to man by the modern world.

His characters embody, variously, four broad types: the psychologically rejected, or "mad"; the historically displaced refugee (specifically, in this case, the Jew); the ethnic outcast (the black man), and, finally, the "natural" man of instinctive goodness, who in this novel is a woman. Mr. White is concerned with "the mystical body of Christ" as it enters into those whom fate has tortured, or punished, for no good reason. The implication is that only the damned can be saved, and that they alone have the vision, however blurred it may be, to see into heaven.

This is a brilliant and compassionate novel, although not always, in its individual scenes, a convincing one. The symbolic nature of the story, which reaches its climax on an Easter week end, is as deliberate and heavy as Wagner's "Lohengrin." At Sarsaparilla, in Australia, there is a country mansion called Xanadu, occupied by a half-demented woman, Mary Hare. The product of an unstable father and an unloving mother, she survives as one of those misunderstood symbols of retribution that frequently adorn small towns. She meets a Jewish refugee named Himmelfarb, and at once they discover a curious kinship. But it is the

—*Sydney Morning Herald.*

Patrick White—"extraordinary virtuosity."

kinship of the doomed, for Himmelfarb, who was a professor of English literature in Germany, has been broken by the pogrom and is now working in a bicycle factory. Moreover, he is haunted by the feeling that he has betrayed his people and his role as a Jew. The long section dealing with Himmelfarb's career is a stunning example of Mr. White's narrative skill.

One of the Jew's co-workers is an Australian aborigine, Alf Dubbo. "With this fellow flotsam, the Jew had formed, he now realized, an extraordinary non-relationship. If that could describe anything so solid, while unratified, so silent, while so eloquent." Schooled in an Anglican rectory, Dubbo, too, has had a bitter life. Like Himmelfarb and Miss Hare (whom he also knows), he has his own vision of the chariot of redemption, which he expresses in wild, primitive, and genius-ridden paintings.

What these characters are atoning for is the "sin" of being different, and in so doing they assume the burden of their kind: the Jew for his race, the "abo" for his color, Miss Hare for all those who have been alienated by an absurd inheritance. It is as though they had been hand picked by God because of the special quality of their suffering, for they alone are capable of being raised to a "perception of the infinite" (the phrase, quoted in a forenote, is Blake's).

A fourth major character, Mrs. Godbold, ministers to them out of the

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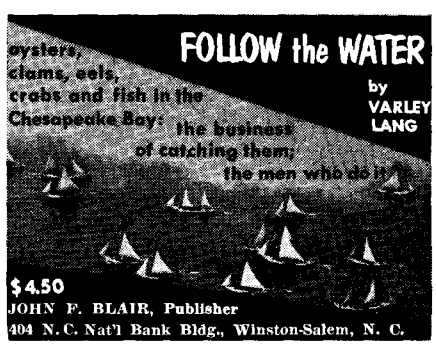
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primal need to love. When, at the end of the story, Himmelfarb is "strung up" on Good Friday in a mock crucifixion by a gang of rowdies, Mrs. Godbold, aided by Miss Hare, attends him until his second and final death on Easter Sunday. The novel ends on a note of black, almost nihilistic pessimism, for Mr. White has no facile answer to the problem of human guilt. Except for the saintly Mrs. Godbold—not inappropriately named—there are no survivors, and Mrs. Godbold, significantly, is not herself tortured by visions. She is the necessary stranger, "feet still planted firmly on the earth," a woman whose mission is to exist, and in whom the language of love remains undiminished by the events that surround her. She is a goddess of infinite mercy, unthinking, lacking in sophistication, destined to succor rather than save, yet hugely necessary to those who must intellectualize their fate.

This is a morality novel, grand in design, strong in cycle, but somewhat weak in structure. What we really get is a series of novellas, the effect of which is to relate the characters more to the reader than to each other. I did not find this a fatal defect, and in any event it is the author's own vision, rather than the conventions of his plot, that command our interest. It is a vision of the earth, yet looking heavenward. As Himmelfarb says, I would like to persuade you that the simple acts we have learned to perform daily are the best protection against evil."

When Royalty Had to Run

"Holy Week," by Louis Aragon, *translated by Haakon Chevalier (Putnam. 541 pp. $5.75), uses the events of the week preceding Napoleon's "Hundred Days" to symbolize its author's search for a worthy goal. Leon S. Roudiez is associate professor of French at Columbia University in New York.*

By Leon S. Roudiez

ON PALM Sunday 1815, as rumors of a triumphant and wrathful Napoleon marching up from the south spread over Paris, Louis XVIII secretly fled from the capital and began his week-long journey towards exile in Belgium. This is the Holy Week of Aragon's novel—a week that saw princes, marshals, generals, grenadiers, musketeers, and various other components of the Royal Household scramble over northern France in fantastic confusion as they attempted both to keep up with their king and to outdistance the troops of Exelmans, Napoleon's faithful general.

The book is crammed full of figures baring historic names and describes aspects of a well-known episode of nineteenth-century French history. Nevertheless, Aragon warns us that "Holy Week" should not be read as a historical novel; and in the main this admonition should not go unheeded. For if, on the one hand, the definition of what constitutes a historical novel is broad enough to include almost anything, it is clear on the other hand that if Aragon had meant only to tell an engrossing story involving a set of historical characters he would have justified the reaction of those dissenters from the concert of praise that greeted the original French version in 1958—critics who shook their heads sadly and spoke of him as a second-rate Alexandre Dumas.

Aragon is unquestionably a gifted story teller, and he has solidly grounded his novel on a selected number of facts and gone into painstaking research to insure the physical accuracy of his various settings. But he has also used an episode of French history as other writers might have used a Greek myth, thus making characters and events unmistakably his own. "Holy Week," the impression of somewhat naïve commentators notwithstanding, is *engagé* in the fullest sense of the term: a philosophy of history, a social ethic, and a political ideology inform its entire structure.

—From the book.

Although Aragon constantly shifts his point of view, revealing the thoughts and dreams of a number of characters, his central figure is Théodore Géricault, the painter. Géricault, who through a rather bizarre quirk of circumstance has become an unenthusiastic second lieutenant in a company of the king's musketeers, was "one of the few commoners in his company." He did not much care where his unit might be sent; having apparently lost his moral bearings, he sought some sort of escape through physical action. Actually, he loathed war, and the Bourbon king meant nothing to him. Caught between Louis XVIII and Napoleon, he could not bring himself to choose: "Feeling in his arms and in his heart a great emptiness that seemed impossible to fill, young Géricault saw a future black as pitch." He did reject the temptation to desert on Palm Sunday—but only because he chanced to see the monarch assisted down the Louvre stairs, "a man who seemed about to fall at every step, old and heavy, suffering . . ." Overwhelmed by pity, the painter cast in his lot with the Royal Household.

Halfway through the book, and halfway to the northern border, Géricault is led to witness a secret gathering of Babouvists held near Poix deep in the first night of spring. This fictitious event is the crucial episode of the novel; here Aragon confronts his former self, identified with Géricault, and his present one as embodied by a "Monsieur Joubert"—the name under which a supposed former friend and disciple of Babeuf was hiding. Being present at this meeting, where ordinary men voiced their refusal to be blindly dragged along the path of history, discovering a world of men and ideas previously unsuspected, was a revelation for Géricault and a turning point in his life; just as being confronted with the refusal of German coal miners to go back into a dangerous pit near Saarbruck in 1919 "weighed heavily in [Aragon's] destiny." But Géricault carries an even broader symbolic meaning: according to Aragon himself, his hero's personality is anchored not so much in the traits of a nineteenth-century French painter as in those of the movie actor James Dean, and he "incarnates a youth endowed with every human quality—goodness, strength, intelligence . . . dreaming of great things," but unable to find a goal worthy of such qualities. M. Joubert, on the other hand, had a goal—even better, he had an ideology, very much like

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the Aragon we now know; and this enables him to make a clear political choice. Somewhat surprisingly for the uninitiated, he chooses Napoleon who, within the framework of the novel, is no more than a phantom, the myth of Napoleon seen as heir to the principles of the French Revolution. Thus could anti-monarchists eventually be provided with an indispensable symbol around which all opponents of despotism might gather.

Except through their spokesmen, the people play practically no part in the plot, any more than they did in the historic events involved. We catch glimpses of them as they watch the royal troops in Paris with mockery in their eyes; we sense their presence in the cities at night, as the army of fugitives crawls by like a mass of insects; we see a blacksmith at his forge, a peasant digging peat; and we are given to understand that their political indifference is due to a feeling that no matter how ruling class quarrels are settled, there can be no improvement in store for them: the Empire "had meant the collapse of business" and "one year of royalty had brought no change."

Among the fleeing royalist troops, however, many individuals are treated with sympathy. Aragon, respecting historical perspective, refuses to judge by twentieth-century standards, and singles out for special consideration those figures, like Baron Fabvier or the Duc de la Rochefoucault-Liancourt, who may have been determinants of historical change. The general atmosphere of the régime is nevertheless symbolized by the stench emanating from the king's chambers: a nauseating smell of ineffective medicine and spreading pus. And, as one might expect, minor incidents that reveal the frivolity or selfishness of quite a few noblemen are not lacking.

In spite of the ideology that sustains "Holy Week," its Marxist flavor is rarely obtrusive. Critics more sensitive to exposure to adverse political ideas might even call it insidious. Social significance and esthetic pleasure are expertly blended, and only occasionally does one find pages marred by the sentimentality that is one of Aragon's major weaknesses. In short, this is one of the better examples of Aragon's brand of Socialist Realism, a fascinating and meaningful glance at somebody else's civil war, and as such welcome relief from a glut of narratives about our own.

Window on Several Worlds

***"Fourteen Stories," by Pearl S. Buck** (John Day. 250 pp. $4), mirror the author's Chinese roots as well as her American background. Marjorie M. Bitker is a free-lance writer of fiction, articles, and reviews.*

By Marjorie M. Bitker

THESE days, when "mood" stories, amorphous as jellyfish, frequently draw higher praise from critics and avant-garde readers than those of more vertebrate structure, it is refreshing to encounter the new collection of short stories (four of them never previously published) by Nobel Prize-winner Pearl Buck. The first such volume to appear in seventeen years, its contents span the time from then to now, offering, with the author's customary clarity, good taste, and moral conviction, windows upon her several worlds and our own.

In reading these tales, so deceptively simple in form and apparent effortlessness, one tends to forget the varied richness behind their creation: a richness not only in literary production (twenty-five novels, a marvelous translation of a lengthy Chinese classic, biographical and autobiographical works, essays political and social, children's stories) but in living itself—her Chinese roots, her American heritage, her personal and supremely effectual accomplishments in the field of social work, her harvest of honors both literary and academic, and a career in publishing as well. All the more wonder, then, that Pearl Buck retains still that genius for immediacy, for transporting the reader at the rise of the curtain straight into the situation of her choice, which was hers at the beginning of her career thirty years ago, when "The Good Earth" won world-wide acclaim.

Outstanding in her new collection are three serious tales of modern China. In "Parable of Plain People" the peasant Wang, head of his family, pushed beyond endurance by greedy overlords, finally takes the only possible revenge, the destruction of all he holds dear. In "The Commander and the Commissar" the simple, old-fashioned officer who loves the men he leads is contrasted with his old enemy of boyhood days, now the wily, educated tool of the New Order. Both fall victim to the merciless and embittered resistance of Tibetan tribesmen. "The Silver Butterfly," the unforgettable narrative of an anonymous refugee, pours forth the anguish of a devoted son who has been unable to prevent his aged mother from choosing to die rather than survive in a world she cannot understand. Headlines take on new significance when one has read these three.

—*Karsh, Ottawa.*

Pearl S. Buck—"clarity, good taste and moral conviction."

In three other stories with an Oriental setting, Miss Buck portrays with delicate humor the Eastern woman in her traditional role as self-effacing, ministering angel to her male superior, but who, without raising her voice, manages to get exactly what she wants.

Although the stories with American background are as skilfully wrought and their points as aptly made, they have not the impact of novelty. Nevertheless, unstartling though the subject matter may be, the characters come throbbingly alive. Under the author's spell we enter into her chosen milieu of war or peace, rich or poor, old or young, of the hospital or the theatre. Always, in fact, into the writer's true milieu, the human heart. There is no story among the fourteen that does not leave the reader with that lingering after-image that is the test of any work of art. And if certain stories strike us as dated, that is less a commentary on them than on ourselves and our capacity to forget in this jet-propelled era.

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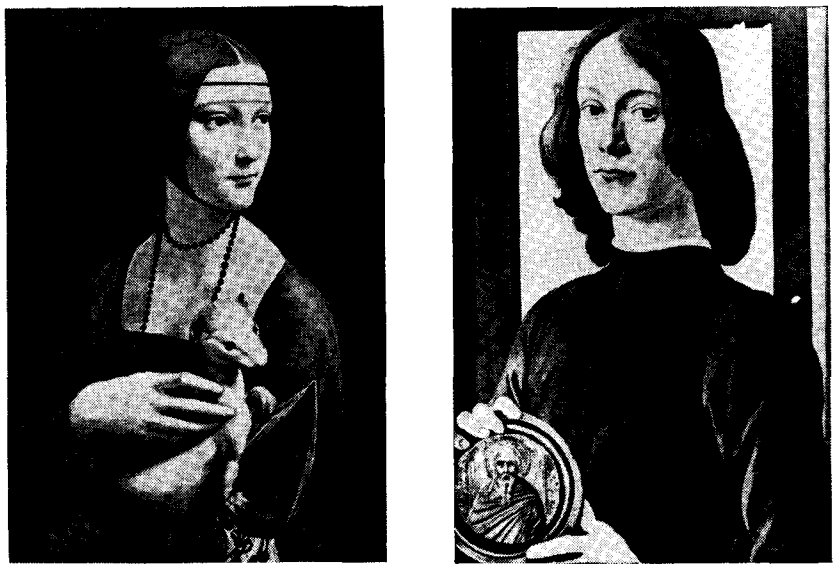
Portrait of the Age of Achievement



—*From the book.*

Avant-garde art, circa 1500: (left) DaVinci's "Cecilia Gallerani"; (right) Boticelli's "Giovanni di Pierfrancesco de' Medici."

"The Horizon Book of the Renaissance," by the editors of Horizon magazine, J. H. Plumb, and others *(American Heritage-Doubleday. 416 pp. $17.50), commemorates in words and pictures the artistic accomplishments of Europe's great age of cultural revival and discovery. Geoffrey Bruun dealt with that era in his "Europe in Evolution, 1415-1815."*

By Geoffrey Bruun

THE American Heritage Publishing Company, which began issuing *American Heritage* as a hard cover history magazine in 1954, soon formed a book department that has produced some notable volumes. In 1958 the same company launched *Horizon*, "a Magazine of the Arts," and now *Horizon* in turn has a book department. Its first venture, this lavishly illustrated treatise on the Italian Renaissance, is to be published simultaneously in ten European countries.

Heralded in advance as "both a biography and a portrait of the Renaissance," the project is further described as "a comprehensive picture history of almost every facet of Renaissance life." It was prepared by the editors of *Horizon* magazine, with Richard M. Ketchum as editor in charge. The British historian J. H. Plumb supplied the main narrative. In addition, nine prominent scholars contributed biographical sketches on leading Renaissance characters.

The printed matter, which would constitute a sizable book in itself, is overshadowed by the 480 illustrations, 160 of them "in full color." Most are magnificent and three pages of "picture credits" tell where the originals may be found. As a pictorial compilation of Renaissance art the volume is a beautiful production and a credit to its sponsors.

On the ground that "there has been no portrait of the age in all its aspects, no single book that can serve as a compact 'biography,'" the publishers offer "The Horizon Book of the Renaissance" to "fill that gap in our literature." In other words, this work is designed to fill a double role, to be a volume of art and a comprehensive history at the same time.

What was the Renaissance? Few historical questions have excited more varied answers, as Wallace K. Ferguson demonstrated a few years ago in "The Renaissance in Historical Thought Five Centuries of Interpretation." "Yet if the word *Renaissance* has any general meaning to the average person," the editors note here in their Introduction, "the chances are that it indicates a time of artistic achievement." They know it had many other aspects. They mention some of them in passing. But since they seek to interest "the average person" they emphasize the Renaissance, primarily though not exclusively, as "a time of artistic achievement."

This first concession—a concession to popular expectations—limits the presentation. One of the bases of the Renaissance "was a burgeoning trade and industry," but this aspect is scantily developed. Furthermore, although the period of the Renaissance saw the beginnings of modern science, Copernicus and Galileo, Vesalius and Gilbert receive no honor. The period also witnessed the great European voyages of discovery, but Columbus and Da Gama are dismissed in a dozen words and Magellan is not listed at all.

A second limitation of this work might be described as a concession to photography. The material is organized around the illustrations, and the result is a disproportionate emphasis on painting, sculpture, and architecture. These three arts receive more than 100 page citations in the index, whereas poetry, drama, and printing receive twenty. Literature, philosophy, science, astronomy, cartography, and navigation are not listed.

The printed text partly rectifies this imbalance. Of the nine Renaissance characters honored with independent biographical sketches, two are famous chiefly for their writings. Morris Bishop contributes a charming and sympathetic essay on Petrarch, and Garrett Mattingly writes in a popular style, but with a scholar's mastery, on Machiavelli. It seems strange to find Erasmus missing from the list; but the Prince of the Humanists was not an Italian and few works of art are available to illustrate his career. (His portrait by Hans Holbein the Younger is reproduced in black and white.)

The remaining biographers likewise discuss their subjects with charm and competence. Sir Kenneth Clark writes on "The Young Michelangelo," Ralph Roeder on Lorenzo de' Medici, J. Bronowski on Leonardo da Vinci, Iris Origo on Pope Pius II, H. R. Trevor-Roper on Doge Francesco Foscari, Denis Mack Smith on Federico da Montefeltro, and Maria Bellonci on Beatrice and Isa-

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bella d'Este. All the authors succeed admirably in matching character to environment despite their prescribed allotment of 6,500 words each.

Such rigid allocation of space represents a third concession, a concession to the machine. Like *Horizon* magazine, this book combines two types of paper: a glossy stock adapted to offset lithography and color, and a rougher paper adequate for printed type or monotone engravings. The mechanics of printing and binding dictated that a change of paper could occur only at the end of eight pages or a multiple of eight, and these machine mathematics gave rise to exacting layout problems. Each of the nine biographical sketches has been designed to fill exactly eight pages. Each of the ten chapters has been tailored to open on a page the number of which is divisible by eight. Such Procrustean requirements help to explain why the volume resembles a collection of topical articles rather than a consecutively developed account of a vital period in the history of Europe—or, more correctly, of Italy; the title, to be accurate, should read "The Italian Renaissance."

Perhaps it is asking too much to expect an orderly account of historical developments in a book punctuated repeatedly by dramatic and arresting vignettes. Even if the text had provided a balanced and consecutive narrative, the attention of the reader would be constantly distracted by the pictorial splendors.

For the illustrations are indeed superb. Unlimited patience and artistry have been expended in the selection and reproduction of Renaissance masterpieces. Each page of text and plates has its own structural and harmonious balance. The double spreads are especially effective, with their precise meeting of lines and almost invisible gutter. The spacious layout, subtly blended color effects, and attractive, well-leaded type make the entire volume a delight to the eye. It is a tribute to, and a triumph of, twentieth century progress in printing and lithography.

The Anatomy of Liberty

"Freedom in the Ancient World," by Herbert J. Muller *(Harper. 346 pp. $7.50), searches for evidence of the unshackled mind and spirit from prehistory through the Byzantine Empire. C. A. Robinson, Jr., the author of many books, is a professor of Greek literature and archaeology at Brown University.*

By C. A. Robinson, Jr.

THIS study by Professor Herbert J. Muller of Indiana University is an altogether remarkable book, completely devoid of professional jargon and without a dull page. It is the first of several projected volumes on freedom in the broadest sense of the word, "the condition of being able to choose and to carry out purposes," and will add to the fame Mr. Muller has already won with his "Uses of the Past" and "The Loom of History."

The plan of the book is simple, for it extends from earliest prehistoric days to the Byzantine Empire, with intervening chapters appropriately devoted to Mesopotamia and Egypt, Israel, Greece, and Rome. We do not get any comprehensive history, but just as much of the setting of each period as Muller feels necessary for his purpose. Quite often this merely means that he has given himself the opportunity to deliver himself in his hard-hitting fashion of all manner of opinions. Sometimes, however, he borders on questionable taste, and occasionally he is one-sided and unsound.

For example, here are some free-swinging statements from his (generally excellent) chapter on the uniqueness of Israel, the great drama of the "local god who made good":

> When the growth of knowledge made it apparent that God or the Holy Ghost was also careless of history and ignorant of science, the Bible became a more positive embarrassment to truth seekers. . . . Men entrenched themselves behind the Bible to fight against almost every major cause in the history of Western freedom. . . . The Messiah became a symbol of jingoism. . . . [Christian conceit] was always a menace to the freedom of all other peoples. . . . It produced the appalling record of Christian persecution—by far the bloodiest, cruelest record in all religious history. Christendom made it plainer that it is sacrilegious for any people or sect to consider itself the elect of God, above all when it professes a belief in a universal God.

On the other hand, the chapter on the triumph of Christianity, which stresses the difference between the religion of Jesus and that of the Christian Church, is more of a reasoned essay. Orthodox Christians will not approve, but the chapter, like most of the book, will provoke further thought and reading. This is high praise, and Mr. Muller surely deserves it.

There is little that is really new in this book, except for Muller's vivid powers of expression and his extraordinary ability to synthesize; time and again a mere phrase will prove his wide reading and research. Inevitably the first half of the book has little to do with the possession of freedom. "The life in freedom as we know it in fact began with the Greeks. . . . Great tragedy can be written only by men who are free in mind and spirit, no longer slaves to 'miracle, mystery, and authority.'" Mr. Muller does indeed catch the spirit of Periclean Athens, though I wish he had tried a little harder to explain the reasons for its genius. Not that he or anyone else can ever give the final word, but his extended remarks on the decline and fall of the Roman Empire show what he can do with a complicated subject.

Since Muller quite rightly describes the Peloponnesian War as a fatal disaster for Athenian democracy, signaling "the failure of the Greeks as a whole," it is a pity that he has missed the fundamental cause of the war. Thucydides tells us that the revolutions and other evils produced by the war were due to the love of power, but this is quite different from saying that the war was fought as "a sheer power struggle." More than once Thucydides says that the war was caused by the fear of Athens and its growing power. Athenian imperial democracy represented the new idea in international affairs and was a threat to the status quo. Therefore, if we *must* balance the ancient antagonists with modern ones, we cannot equate (as did an earlier generation of scholars) Athens with England and Sparta with the Kaiser's Germany, nor can we accept Muller's tentative statement on the current crisis: "America is cast in the role of democratic Athens, Russia of totalitarian Sparta." For, like the English earlier, we are the upholders of the status quo, are we not?

Individualism, rationalism, and humanism—indispensable conditions of a free society—were the plainest conditions of the distinctive Greek achievement, Muller says. He goes on to explain that Greece, despite its failures, did succeed in educating the Romans. And it was they who "spread the dream of Alexander the Great, a dream of world order that would haunt the imagination of the West ever after, and eventually would be embodied in a United Nations."

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PERSONAL HISTORY

An Observer Observed

"On the Contrary," by Mary McCarthy *(Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, 312 pp. $4.50), ranges in critical comment from Portugal to Vassar. Niccolò Tucci, whose own essays have frequently appeared in The New Yorker, experiments with a new critical style in his evaluation.*

By Niccolo Tucci

WHAT amuses me in book reviews is to discover how much the critic must have toiled to find something to say. When the review is "bad," I always think: either the book is bad, or the critic is bad, or the critic is bad for the book, or the book for the critic. The book may still be good, even so for the critic, after he has digested what he read with that deadline in mind. This only shows I am not a critic. A real critic will tell in a matter of minutes if a book is worth reading and produce in a matter of week-ends an opinion worth reading. But then, are books written for him? And when they are, can they be good? (Mary McCarthy says the worst thing that can happen to a writer today is to become a writer.) Critics are writers, too (try to deny this, see what happens), and must be judged as writers. Critical writing is perhaps the newest form of fiction. They are like guided tours of the factory when the workers are out, and are particularly exciting because the guide here dis-invents in a few words all the inventions of our age and shows their idiocy. This is itself an invention and a progress on progress, not a denial of the progress we have. When reality is too fictionlike, fiction is not the answer, when too funny, satire is not. (See all Science Fiction, see Waugh's stylized reporting on cemeteries. Any critical rediscovery of tragedy in our flight from the notion of death would have been better "fiction.")

But what never amuses me in book reviews is when the critic finds a great deal to say and is hampered by space limitations. I just happened to learn about these, shall therefore turn to telegraphic style without developing my point.

Review-copy: Mary McCarthy's "On the Contrary: Collected Essays-Lectures (1946-61)," in three parts. First part (Politics & Social Scene) begins with 1946 note on atomic warfare, brief, outspoken, dignified, perhaps the best ever written, should indeed be memorized by all statesmen on all sides all fences.

Mary McCarthy — She says the worst thing that can happen to a writer today is to become a writer.

America the Beautiful (the Humanist in the Bathtub): takes care of all idiotic European appraisals of America. Useful reading for verbose American sociologists.

Gandhi's obituary: best its kind.

No news (1952): excellent reading for thought-policemen, Senators & Congressmen who believe in philosophy of stampede.

Contagion of Ideas (1952): sees our "inalienable rights," reduced status hunting licenses, proposes conception liberty as a good.

My Confession (1953): debunks W. Chambers, E. Bentley, gives us only existing description political climate Thirties same high quality as Herzen's best pages. This should be memorized by all confused political minds today.

Two articles on Portugal (1955): are last word on Fascist propaganda anywhere.

Vita Activa (review Hannah Arendt's "Human Condition") (1958): a bit superficial, but full witty & telling remarks.

Second part book (three articles) dealing with womanhood, magazines & colleges: interesting but hurriedly read by me, find little to say.

Third part (literature & the arts): two book reviews and four lectures, contains several wonderful things. Pages 240-241: indispensable reading for all students & teachers of short story writing.

Of Action Painting she says: "The truth is, you cannot hang an event on the wall, only a picture, which may be found to be beautiful or ugly, depending, alas, on your taste."

Last three lectures (Fact in Fiction —1960, Characters in Fiction—1961, and The American Realist Playwrights —1961): more mature & generous than rest of book.

She describes certain type modern fiction (her own, partly, too) as "burglarious," "silent entries into private & alien consciousness" and "not altogether honest." This is true, but in her case (my opinion) there was rather an excess of characterization which denied characters full play.

Critics know too much to lovingly accompany own characters through long narrative. "You can tell me no lies," they seem to say, killing their children's spontaneity. (See Santayana's "Last Puritan," see Huxley's characters, born adult, like all geniuses' children, grow "down" instead of up.) This happens because critics are essentially modern people, carry own passport, always ready exhibit it. Writers instead keep fumbling for theirs, never find it, find so many other things that we let them pass as clowns or soothsayers.

But critical "documents" are present in all good narration, help us remember characters, without them narration is stuck.

Strangely enough, this whole book reads like portrait of woman novelist & critic, extracted from a great (unwritten?) novel. Especially the last three lectures show marked transformation. The author speaks with unusual passion about fact in fiction, then realizes that polemical fiction (an old habit of hers) is waste of excellent fiction material, finally reaches a generosity she has never fully known before. All of her brilliant remarks are subdued, they no longer close a case with a cruel epitaph, but keep shedding light. This is good news. Perhaps the great novel is not unwritten after all, may soon reach us.

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Lively Captain Littlepage

"The King's Chevalier," by Curtis Carroll Davis *(Bobbs-Merill, 391 pp. $7.50), recounts the astonishing career of an early American adventurer who crowded the events of several ordinary lifetimes into his thirty-one years. William C. Kiessel frequently comments on books dealing with the Revolutionary period.*

By William C. Kiessel

GENERAL WASHINGTON opened his diary to November 8, 1785, picked up his quill and wrote in large, clear letters, "This Capt. Littlepage is an extraordinary character."

And extraordinary he was. One month short of his twenty-third birthday, Captain Littlepage already had experience enough for several ordinary lifetimes. Assistant to John Jay, Minister to Spain, wounded at Port Mahon, honored by King Carlos IV, dinner companion of leading American expatriates and known in the courts of Europe, Captain (later General) Littlepage was characterized as a "devilishly lively man."

A descendant of Virginia Burgesses, the 5′ 2″ Littlepage was slight in build, gracious in manner, alert in mind, and insatiably restless. A political opportunist, he was acknowledged by contemporaries as an adventurous genius of limitless ambition. A name-dropper acquainted with many, he was friend to no one with the exception of Lafayette and John Paul Jones, whom he unselfishly aided with some sacrifice.

In 1780, not yet eighteen, Littlepage went to Madrid to enter the household of John Jay, America's first minister to Spain, with whom he later became embroiled in a vituperative pamphlet war. Six years later he was in Warsaw, where on March 2, 1786 he was sworn in as Confidential Secretary with the rank of Chamberlain to Stanislaus II Ponitowski, last King of Poland, whem he served until the ill-fated Partition.

Curtis Carroll Davis, biographer of Lewis Littlepage, was the first post-World War II researcher to receive the cooperation of East German and USSR librarians and archivists. Because Littlepage's personal papers had been destroyed, information had to be gleaned from family legends and scattered official records. The research required was prodigious, as evidenced by the appended notes and bibliography.

But therein lies the book's weakness. A biography should be the actions and feelings of a single individual set against a background of contemporary events. The paucity of data on Lewis Littlepage limits a full scale biographical portrait, and the author on many occasions had to focus on events rather than the subject.

Lewis Littlepage rose to his greatest prestige and influence while serving as the King's chevalier and personal emissary. The machinations of political intrigue in the royal courts, modes of dress, travel, naval and military maneuvers, vignettes of Count Kaunitz, Catherine the Great, Kosciuszko, Potemkin, and hosts of other world figures fill the pages in meticulous detail.

With the Partition of Poland, the death of Stanislaus II, the encroachment of jealous enemies, and his *persona non grata* status with European governments, a disillusioned Lewis Littlepage returned to his native Virginia in 1801. However, weakened by tempestuous dalliance with Venus and Bacchus, and disease-ridden from the arduous Russian-Turkish campaigns of Oczakov, Lewis Littlepage survived only nine months, and died on July 19, 1802, at the age of thirty-nine.

Curtis Davis has performed the difficult task of converting a footnote in history into a credible biography. Readers with patience and time thoroughly to masticate this kaleidoscopic, stranger-than-fiction career of a soldier of fortune will be well rewarded.

THE CHAIRMAN: In my considered judgment, **"The Man from Nowhere,"** by Roy MacGregor-Hastie (Coward-McCann, $4), a purported biography of Nikita Khrushchev, is a scandalously unsatisfactory book. It contains an incredible number of mistakes and misconceptions. It lacks the necessary respect for facts and, apparently, for the reader. It shows an ignorance of Russia and Communism hard to reconcile with the publisher's statement that the author is "one of the most widely read commentators on Communist affairs," who claims to have spent a good deal of time in Moscow and elsewhere collecting material for this book.

The fact that much in Khrushchev's life is moot can hardly serve as an excuse for ignoring what is known or inventing what is not. There exist, after all, careful and conscientious studies which sift and interpret the available evidence; suffice it to point to two English-language volumes dealing with different periods of Khrushchev's career —Lazar Pistrak's "The Grand Tactician" and Myron Rush's "The Rise of Khrushchev." Nor are Mr. MacGregor-Hastie's errors confined to his hero.

I started counting mistakes in the introductory chapter on Russian history, but stopped after reaching forty. I resumed on page 50, but again gave up when I found ten errors in a single

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paragraph. Russia before the Revolution, it turns out, had a system of slavery run by boyars. The village of Yuzhovka (never mind the spelling—who cares about those Russian names, anyway?) turns out to be the fairly sizable industrial town once named after John Hughes and now known as Stalino. The romantic Don Valley is in reality the Donets Basin. Austria, we are told, protects Russia's southern frontiers, while the Ukraine is at her western borders. Again and again the time sequence of events is hopelessly garbled.

All this is made worse by an uncritical acceptance of Soviet "rewriting" of history—for instance, Khrushchev's prerevolutionary record as a Bolshevik, his role in the battle of Stalingrad (vastly inflated in retrospect), and Soviet charges that England and France were pushing Germany to attack the USSR. Under the circumstances, it is hardly surprising to find the author inventing conversations among the Soviet élite which reflect a total failure to understand relations among them; repeatedly asserting that Georgi Malenkov was a firm believer in parliamentary democracy; and attributing the purge of Marshal Tukhachevsky (his name, like so many others, is consistently misspelled) to a secret Nazi-Soviet deal made in 1936, with Khrushchev ostensibly in charge of the arrangements for the marshal's trial.

There is little point in extending the list of errors and fabrications. I find it unpleasant to have nothing good to say about the book, but I am persuaded that the publication of such volumes is a disservice to the public. If any part of it had been submitted to me as an undergraduate paper, I would have been obliged to flunk the student without any hesitation.

—Alexander Dallin.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

OLD INTO NEW

This department recently received, in the same mail, a quiz from Vera Perlman of New York City and a quiz from Arthur H. Wilkins of Kansas City, Missouri, on an identical theme. "Theme" is right, because each quiz was concerned with themes by various composers which were borrowed (with acknowledgments) by subsequent composers. Mrs. Perlman called her quiz "The Innovators," Mr. Wilkins called his "Something Borrowed, Something New." Mrs. Perlman's quiz consisted of ten queries, Mr. Wilken's of twelve. Five themes were common to each quiz (they are the first five in the present arrangement). With the permission of Mrs. Perlman and Mr. Wilkins, the two quizzes are here combined. Answers on page 48.

1. Fantasia on a Theme by Thomas Tallis	( ) Arensky
2. Rhapsody on a Theme by Paganini	( ) Bach (J. S.)
3. Symphony on a French Mountain Air	( ) Balakirev
4. Variations on a Theme by Diabelli	( ) Beethoven
5. Variations on a Theme by Haydn	( ) Brahms
6. Fantasy Variations on a Theme of Youth	( ) Britten
7. The Musical Offering	( ) Chopin
8. Overture on Hebrew Themes	( ) D'Indy
9. Overture on Themes of Russian Folksongs	( ) Dohnány
10. Suite No. 4: "Mozartiana"	( ) Hanson
11. Symphony on a Hymn Theme	( ) Rachmaninoff
12. Variations and Fugue on a Theme by Mozart	( ) Reger
13. Variations on "Là ci darem la mano"*	( ) Prokofiev
14. Variations on a Nursery Rhyme	( ) Saint-Saens
15. Variation on a Theme by Beethoven	( ) Tchaikovsky
16. Variations on a Theme by Frank Bridge	( ) Thomson
17. Variations on a Theme by Tchaikovsky	( ) Vaughan Williams

*From Mozart's "Don Giovanni"

Ideas

Continued from page 27

Court as a body and several of its members individually have described the danger of indiscriminate resort to prosecutions for conspiracy instead of for the substantive offenses which are the object of most conspiracies, and these abuses were recently underlined by the Government's abortive effort to jail as conspirators the sleek "gentlemen" who met at Joe Barbara's in Appalachin.

As one who has served both as prosecutor and as defense counsel, this reviewer is at least aware of the persistent and difficult problems precipitated by criminal law—a branch of the profession too little and too lightly regarded by most lawyers today. Where are the lines to be drawn between the claims of liberty and order? Voltaire declared it to be better that one guilty man escape than that an innocent be wrongly condemned, and was thought pretty reckless. Blackstone raised the ante to ten guilty and one innocent. Now Mr. Barth admonishes us: "The idea that it is better to let a hundred guilty persons escape punishment than to imprison one innocent man is an idea which, if meant seriously, involves real restraints on the police."

Just so, and some may feel that Mr. Barth has forced the ratio beyond any reasonable balance. But there is no lack of strident voices condemning the restraints on the police, and Mr. Barth's book may be a more useful counterweight just because he is an ardent rather than a dispassionate pleader, seeking not only to inform but also to persuade his readers, who, it is to be hoped, will be numerous.

FRASER YOUNG'S

LITERARY CRYPT NO. 950

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 950 will be found in the next issue.

RCLB Q RGSQB TQET, "K XGB'O RKTC OG SLBOKGB QBE BQSLT," KO QKB'O BLFLTTQNE.

AKB CJDDQNX.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 949

Some minds are like concrete; mixed up and permanently set.
—The Reverand Ralph Sander.

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Critics' Poll

Continued from page 21

FREEDOM IN THE ANCIENT WORLD. By Herbert J. Muller. Harper. $7.50.

THE GARDENER AND OTHER POEMS. By John Hall Wheelock. $3.

GOD WAS BORN IN EXILE. By Vintila Horia. Translated by A. Lytton Sells. St. Martin's. $4.95.

HIGH ON A HILL. By Lucy Daniels. McGraw-Hill. $4.95.

HOLY WEEK. By Louis Aragon. Translated by Haakon Chevalier. Putnam. $5.75.

THE HORIZON BOOK OF THE RENAISSANCE. Doubleday. $17.50.

JOHN F. KENNEDY: A Sense of Purpose. By Charles Lam Markmann and Mark Sherwin. St. Martin's. $4.95.

LION ON THE HEARTH. By John Ehle. Harper. $4.95.

THE LONG GAINER. By William Manchester. Little, Brown. $4.95.

A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH. By Virgilia Peterson. Atheneum. $5.

THE MOON AND THE THORN. By B. J. Chute. Dutton. $3.75.

MUSSOLINI. By Laura Fermi. University of Chicago. $5.95.

A NEW LIFE. By Bernard Malamud. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. $4.95.

NIKOLAI LESKOV: Selected Tales. Translated by David Magarshack. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. $5.

NINE BASIC ARTS. By Paul Weiss. University of Illinois. $5.

THE PREDICAMENT OF DEMOCRATIC MAN. By Edmond Cahn. Macmillan. $3.95.

PROMISE AT DAWN. By Romain Gary. Translated by John Markham Beach. Harper. $5.

THE PROUD AMERICAN BOY. By Russell Braddon. St. Martin's $4.95.

RIDERS IN THE CHARIOT. By Patrick White. Viking. $5.95.

THE RISING GORGE. By S. J. Perelman. Simon & Schuster. $4.50.

STRING TOO SHORT TO BE SAVED. By Donald Hall. Viking. $5

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Literary Sampler

Continued from page 24

prayer, she felt very sick. She vomited in the corner. And then, because the dizziness had come back and she could no longer see the holy cross, she lay down on the floor and went to sleep. *–From "High on a Hill," by Lucy Daniels (McGraw-Hill).*

Truth to Poetry

"WHO WAS the poor fish," Sandburg asks, "who originated the saying, 'There is more truth than poetry in that?' Was the poor fish trying to sideswipe Shakespeare, Shelley, Keats, Browning, Li-po, or who, or what? No scientist or any practical man struggling to tell the plain, unvarnished truth ever said as much about a tree in 10,000 words as Robert Frost says in ten lines about a tree."

There was a time when Sandburg and Robert Frost were inseparable, but there is a coolness between them now; a coolness which dates from 1933 when Mr. Frost showed less than enthusiasm for Carl's support of Roosevelt and the New Deal. "The People, Yes," said Mr. Frost. "Sandburg is wrong, I say; 'The people, *Yes*, and No.'" At another time Frost said, "The 'helpless'?—that's Sandburg's department, not mine." But Carl has never disowned his praise. Indeed, I suspect he would insist it has more application than ever.
–From "Carl Sandburg," by Harry Golden (to be published in November by World).

Life for Art's Sake

THE IDEA that artists may be more responsive to art than to life was first suggested to me by a remark made by a very great teacher when I was in graduate school. The teacher was Mark Van Doren, lecturing on epic poetry. He had the great teacher's gift of saying things parenthetically, in the midst of something else he was saying, which did not interrupt the main thread of his discourse but which later grew and developed in fascinating profusion –as if the enclosing parenthesis formed a sort of pot in which the planted idea could germinate while the lecture went on, and in which you could take it away afterward, if you wanted to, and watch it grow.

What he said parenthetically on this occasion was, if I remember correctly: "Of course poetry is not inspired by life, but by other poetry. It is not the girl you are in love with who inspires you to write a sonnet, but some sonnet you have read about some other girl." I remember being horrified by the remark because I had just written a sonnet about a girl and wanted very much to believe it was a direct response to her charms. Some years later, however, I came upon that sonnet and ruefully discovered no trace of the flesh and blood girl in it though there were some painfully evident traces of one of the limper sonnets of John Keats.
–From "The Beer Can by the Highway," by John A. Kouwenhoven (to be published in November by Doubleday).

Age of Ambivalence

IN THE most crucial hour of the history of mankind, the contribution of the ethical leaders of Christianity has often been negative. Now the very continuance of human life on the planet is at stake—at the same time that the achievement of interplanetary travel also is becoming a possibility. The dramatically contradictory potentialities of modern culture have unfortunately been matched by basic confusion among those who ought to be providing guidance for the choices of men. The predominant emphasis among Christian ethical thinkers of the last few decades contributed to social policies so dangerously inadequate that they have become as much a threat as a promise.

Nowhere is this thesis more tragically illustrated than in contemporary foreign policy. It is here that the ambivalent potentialities of modern civilization come to a sharp focus. Whether our descendants will enjoy cruises to Mars, or whether this generation will leave no legacy but a barren, radioactive globe, will be largely determined by our success in piecing together some sort of creative accommodation in international affairs. Yet it is also in this area, because of the extreme complexities of the issues and the almost intolerable intransigence of the problems, that we easily fall into ethical inadequacy and confusion. The factors to be considered are overwhelmingly varied. The frightful consequences of a misstep restrict the latitude of experimentation. Narrow group interest colors every analysis. Gigantic power complexes bar the way for the vehicles of justice and love.
–From "God and the H-Bomb," edited by Donald Keys (to be published in November by Bernard Geis).

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 17, 7, 9, 4, 5, 16, 13, 3, 14, 6, 2, 12, 8, 15, 10, 11, 1.

Books in the News

Continued from page 26

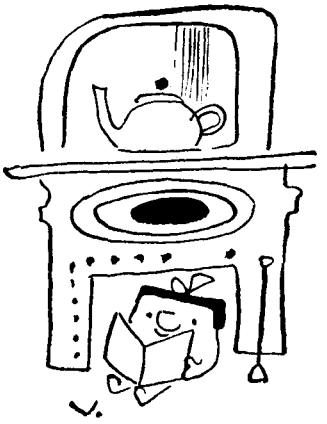
lightening courses scare him, as they have frightened many a good Cuban. Yet he is fair enough to write:

> The average per capita income of Latin America's 200 million people is a third that of western Europe and a seventh that of the U.S. . . . At the present rate of growth (according to the Inter-American Development Bank), it will take Latin America 252 *years* to reach a level one third of the present U.S. average per capita income. . . . There are not only appalling deficiencies in housing, education, health services and water supplies, but *agricultural production* upon which the region depends is at a lower level today than it was twenty-five years ago.

This is the premise from which to regard Castro's rejection of gradualism and of Messrs. Dulles, Herter, and Rusk's State sermons on moderation.

Now that social welfare has, through science, become accessible to all, the peoples of Latin America (and Africa and Asia) are not willing to wait a hundred years for decent living standards to seep down from complacent upper levels. Herbert Matthews feels this. But what he does not perhaps see so clearly is that a livable standard is but one dimension of the aims of Fidel Castro and his fellows. As guides and models in the domains of intellect, culture, and spirit, Latin America rejects us. It rejects Western Europe, too. And, except for a small romantic band (including such great poets as the Cuban Nicolás Guillén and the Chilean Pablo Nerudo), it rejects the Communist blueprints and dogmas.

What does America Hispana want? A literal New World. Since it is still unborn, these youths cannot define it. They are trying to begin to live it. The merit of Mr. Matthews's book is his responsiveness to the heroic effort he feels in Cuba.



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SCIENCE & HUMANITY

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Personality Portrait LXVII • Science in Books • The Research Frontier

ARTICLE: We Must Exercise the Genes of Patience

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

EXPORTING THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

OUT of "a decent respect to the opinions of mankind," representatives of the United States of America, assembled in Congress on the 4th day of July 1776, published the causes which brought them "to assume, among the powers of the earth . . . separate and equal station." All men were entitled to equal opportunity to enjoy life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, the Declaration said; the securing of those rights was the duty of every government; only a faithful fulfilment of that trust deserved the consent of the governed to a continuing exercise of power.

The words of genesis of American independence were written by Thomas Jefferson with a poet's grace. They have made plain to all who have read them that the American revolution was not primarily an act of nationalism but an assertion of the dignity of the human individual, wherever his dwelling.

Dignity was precious in those days. Today it is priceless.

Man looks over the brink of oblivion, the sun's murderous secret like a toy in his hand; his innate sense of dignity alone stays the awful gamble with suicide.

The glory of this commanding trait is felt by people far and strange, people who have no shoes nor shirts. People whose bellies groan their emptiness feel the need of it gnawing deeper than their hunger.

If we will guarantee that the product is genuine, they long for us to export to them the American revolution.

But how is dignity packaged? What do we wrap it in? Do we mark it "fragile" or "handle with care" or "use no hooks"? Is it to be sent C.O.D.? Who should deliver it? Do we ask for a receipt?

These questions are neither flippant nor trivial. They are the timeless riddles of change in human circumstance. They frustrated Woodrow Wilson in Europe. They blighted the Good Neighborly intentions of Herbert Hoover and Franklin D. Roosevelt in the Western Hemisphere. They paralyzed the "Atoms for Peace" crusade of Dwight D. Eisenhower. And now they stare enigmatically in the face of President John Fitzgerald Kennedy, who has determined as a matter of national policy to push the export of the American revolution in competition with export of the Russian revolution.

Mr. Kennedy has taken a series of bold steps to guarantee that we export the genuine article. The true trademark of the original movement for American freedom was courage to experiment with radically new solutions for the ancient problems of living. The act of experimenting is in itself a search for meaningful change. In modern society, the change seekers who have struck closest to achievement of their goals are the scientists, and it is they who bear the weight of the President's hopes. On authority expressly voted to him by the Congress, he has, for the first time in American history, enlisted science in exploration of the dynamics of freedom's growth.

Being made up of living beings, government, too, is a living thing. One variation of it thrives in an environment that would kill another type. The process of choosing what variety to try to grow in what ground is, as Dr. Max Millikan, director of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology Center for International Studies (and one of the foremost shapers of President Kennedy's thinking in this regard) told the U. S. Senate Foreign Relations Committee last June, "experimental in a very fundamental sense." Experiment is inherent in granting to others the privilege our own forefathers insisted on for themselves: the right to develop in their own image.

"The process of modernization through which the new nations are attempting to put themselves in a very brief span of years is a process for which there is very little historical precedent," Dr. Millikan observed. "Their hope of being able to launch in a decade or two a transformation of their societies—technical, economic, social and psychological—which the presently developed nations took some generations to achieve is based on their expectation that they can adapt to their purposes the knowledge and experience which the Western world has accumulated since the Renaissance.

"We and the underdeveloped nations have learned, over a decade of developmental efforts, that this transfer is very much more difficult and complex than we initially supposed. Conditions in the under developed countries are very different not only from those which obtain in the developed world but also from those which obtained at the time of the industrial revolution. Their natural resources are different, the physical conditions in the tropical areas in which many of the underdeveloped countries lie differ from those in the temperate zones. Their economic situation is different, and, perhaps most important, their human resources in terms of education, cultural patterns, institutions, values, and attitudes are all radically different from those existing in North America and Western Europe at any time in our history."

To deal with the underdeveloped nations' "many scientific and technologi-

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cal problems such as soil conditions, climatic environment, indigenous diseases, and the like, which we never faced . . . requires the development of much new knowledge," he noted. "Beyond this the application in the underdeveloped countries of what we have come to regard as familiar, everyday technology, and its adaptation to both the physical and human environment, requires as much new and imaginative thinking as is required for fundamental scientific discovery."

The old common sense method of trial and error is the only way of learning how to solve some of these difficulties, Dr. Millikan conceded; but many foreign policy mistakes of the past "might have been avoided by undertaking systematic research in the transfer of technology before trying to apply it." As for the future: "Systematic research can enormously accelerate our capacity to deal effectively with complex and unfamiliar problems."

THIS was heresy to traditionalists of the Department of State. A Foreign Service Officer of the old school was assumed to know everything about the human condition that could be of any practical use in the maintenance of peaceful and prosperous relationships among peoples. But Dr. Millikan did not speak as a novice. Behind him were ten years of personal experience with the techniques he was discussing—in India, in Indonesia, in southern Italy and in Africa. The ideas he espoused had not always succeeded, notably not in Indonesia, where the political shifts were almost too swift to be chronicled; but his contribution to long range planning in India had helped to build that country into a bulwark of Western freedom against the resurgence of China. Besides, he was there before the Senate as an agent of The President. Amassed behind him was the prestige of the President's Special Assistant for Science and Technology, Prof. Jerome B. Wiesner, and of the President's Science Advisory Committee, and of the Federal Council for Science and Technology on which all the Executive departments and agencies of the government are represented. Almost everyone who was anybody in the whole American scientific community cheered him on, so great was the common relief at hearing a promise of constructive action that might lead toward peace and away from THE BOMB. The Senators themselves reacted favorably, with the result that some of the exact phrasing of Dr. Millikan's argument came to be written into the 1961 Act of International Development. There is now legally imbedded in the powerful new Agency for International Development a vital organ of research—the Office of Development Research and Assistance—intended to serve as a vagus nerve to regulate the heartbeat of freedom's surge into the future.

The urgency of this new research organ's function was apparent in the listing of seven eminent scientific candidates for its guidance even before Fowler Hamilton, the international lawyer from Connecticut, accepted the President's appointment as AID chief. Also awaiting Mr. Hamilton's decision at the moment he took office was the choice of a Science Adviser to himself. The names of the persons concerned were guarded with a care unusual to Washington, lest any on the list be discouraged from accepting the challenge if it came. For the character of these two appointees would be of critical consequence for years if not generations ahead. On the ruggedness of their shoulders and the agility of their wits will rest the outcome of internal policy struggles affecting all free men.

The issues will never be so clearcut as to be amenable to statement in terms of American intent. The will of the people, as expressed through Congress, is plainly stated in Section 241 of Title V, Chapter 2, Part I of the 1961 Act of International Development. Part I of the Act covers economic assistance to other countries—as opposed to military assistance—and the aforementioned Section 241 of Title V, Chapter 2 declares:

"The President is authorized to use funds made available for this Part [this is, Part I of the Act] to carry out programs of research into, and evaluation of, the process of economic development in less developed friendly countries and areas, into the factors affecting the relative success and costs of development activities, and into the means, techniques, and such other aspects of development assistance as he may determine, in order to render such assistance of increasing value and benefit."

THESE words leave no room for argument about purpose. The wrangling will come over priorities for spending funds available for the purpose. And in this arena the new Office of Development Research and Assistance is vulnerable. Nowhere in the Act is there written a dollar figure of any kind to indicate the relative worth of ODRA's vital job. A Development Assistance Panel assembled by the President's Science Advisory Committee under the chairmanship of Dr. Walsh McDermott, of Cornell University, late in May recommended a research budget starting at $50,000,000 for the first year and going up to $95,000,000 by the third or fourth year of ODRA's life. Dr. Millikan sat on this panel and concurred in the reasonableness of the budget estimates. But before the time came to take the case to Congress, social scientists with long experience in the ways of the Federal legislature entered arguments against their own selfish interests (for ODRA is their first real opportunity to prove themselves equal in stature to the physical sciences) in favor of spartan economy.

Miracles could not be accomplished overnight in any event, these cautioners pointed out. It would be wiser to pick and choose the pilot projects with a mind to minimize the risks of disappointment. That minority of Congress which opposes foreign aid on the mistaken principle that America can still exist as an isolated fortress must not be given ammunition with which to attack research-in-the-methods-of-aid as a boondoggle. The miracles that couldn't happen would be progressively less dramatic targets as the prices on them shrank.

So instead of asking for $50,000,000 for research in AID's first year, Dr. Millikan's group of law-drafting consultants (working as part of a Presidential task force headed by Henry Labouisse) requested only $20,000,000. The latter figure was less than 1 per cent of the President's $2,900,000,000 fiscal 1962 aid program. The figure compared with the 14 per cent of Defense Department funds that go into research, the 9 per cent of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, the 8 per cent of the Department of Interior. But it was not a sufficiently good bargain to the legislative opponents of change in the world, and they began to ax the $20,000,000. As the Congressional debate went on, they chopped the figure down to $12,000,000—then to $6,000,000—and finally threatened to strike provision for research altogether. To avert this last disaster, Senator William Fulbright of Arkansas persuaded the scientists to drop all research pricetags out of the proposed law and rely on their own diplomatic skill to cash generous checks on the strength of the broad grant of research spending authority the law at last gave to the President.

BY exploiting the power his Democratic Party seniority gave him on the House side of a House-Senate conference committee to cut the total AID appropriation down from the $4,196,000,000 voted by the Senate, Congressman Otto Passman put a squeeze on the amount that could go to ODRA. Arrayed against his restrictive tactics, however, were other political elements capable of exerting considerable pres-

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sure in favor of generosity in deciding ODRA's share of the AID moneys.

First, and strongest in its appeal to conservative minds, was the role ODRA research was designed to play in increasing the efficiency of AID spending, or, to put it more plainly, in getting the most for the American taxpayer's dollar. Difficult as it may be to believe, there has never before been any serious study of alternate methods of spending foreign aid funds, no analysis of comparative projects to determine which were more fruitful in relation to their cost. John Ohly, a Brooklyn-born lawyer who first entered the Federal government in the 1940s, began fighting for such an accounting over a decade ago, and ODRA is, among other things, a monument to his formidable personal integrity.

Without systematic research of the sort laid out for ODRA to perform, America easily could bankrupt itself in its effort to protect itself against being engulfed by alien beliefs. A number of automatic economies were therefore built into the Kennedy administration's approach to the problem. One of these arose from the axiom that real democracy cannot be imposed from without—it must spring from abiding desire within. Hence an initial tenet of the new AID program (which combines the functions of the present International Cooperation Administration, the Development Loan Fund, the Food-for-Peace system of exporting farm surpluses to the hungry abroad, and local currency lending operations of the Export-Import Bank) was that help would be given only to those people who wanted help enough to help themselves. Out of this requirement comes the question: If a people wants to help itself and doesn't possess the necessary skills, how are the skills to be taught? The answer cannot be given until that particular people's traditional ways of transmitting skills is known. Once the knowledge does become available, it will have to be used on a broader scale, at a swifter pace, than ever before if enough progress is to be achieved in the 1960 decade to hold back the frustrations that invite Communism and worse forms of tyranny. The required speed and dissemination are possible only if means can be found to bring the cultural leadership of that particular society into close and immediate touch with the mass of the people. One problem breeds another, and the second problem feeds the first. The whole family of dilemmas must be examined as a system, and the examination must be made by Western scholars and technicians working intimately together with dedicated natives. The results must hold sufficiently bright promise to the natives to make it worthwhile for them to pay the bill *out of American loans, not American gifts.*

The depth as well as the sweep of the research ODRA is intended to generate is suggested in the word *Western* two sentences back. The developed countries that are most like America and were first to receive American help are prospering again. One of Fowler Hamilton's major tasks in directing AID will be to encourage these revived and strengthened friends to join us in helping the newer and less fortunate nations. The process will not be one of rebuilding but of building from the ground up, not restoring crippled economies but creating new economies, not developing and marketing known resources but discovering unknown assets, not opening opportunity for idle talent but identifying and encouraging talent that is not yet aware of itself, not the democratizing of undemocratic government but the awakening of knowledge of the responsibilities of government above the family and tribal level.

Change of these dimensions cannot be wrought in a year, or in five years, or even in a decade. But it can be set in motion, and as these words are written there are, in fact, fifty to sixty specific projects awaiting approval by the ODRA chief as soon as he is named by AID director Hamilton. If as much as $10,000,000—one half the sum provided in the original draft of the AID legislation—can be eked out for the ODRA budget during AID's first year of life, a new era in American foreign policy will be guaranteed. The old order of guesswork and chance will never be able to return.

That much is apparent from what has already been done by a small, hard-headed band of men who in a few years have laid a secure footing for a tradition of science-in-diplomacy. Foremost among these is lawyer Ohly, who began his crusade under Averill Harriman when Harriman was a Special Assistant to President Harry S. Truman in the early days of Point IV. Ohly's ideas were first articulated officially by James H. Smith, the American Airlines executive who headed the International Cooperation Administration in 1957-58. James Grant, presently ICA's deputy director for programs and planning, followed through for Smith. One of Grant's aides, a business economist, David Mayer, took on the assignment of selling foreign affairs research to both parties before the 1960 Presidential election.

Several years before then, the pioneer Special Assistant for Science and Technology at the White House, Dr. James R. Killian, Jr., had personally accepted foreign affairs as a proper sphere of scientific influence. His home school, MIT, already had its Center for International Studies. But his official activity in the area was inhibited by a prior decision to include only physical scientists on the President's Science Advisory Committee. The social sciences, as readers of these columns know from earlier SR/Research reports, were suspect because of their failure to predict human behavior with the accuracy that astronomers attain in predicting eclipses of the moon. So, when Africa suddenly loomed as a political problem for America, the National Academy of Sciences was asked to designate a committee of social scientists to study the contributions science might make south of the Sahara. ICA financed this project, but the White House connection was deliberately obscured in order not to taint PSAC with the social science flavor of the work.

By the time Dr. Killian's successor at the White House, Dr. George Kistia-

Background Reading

THE SCIENTIST
AND
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SR/Research—June 2, 1956

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by Max Millikan
and W. W. Rostow
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THE PRESIDENT'S
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THE PASSING
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by Daniel Lerner
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THE KNOWLEDGE
WE NEED MOST
SR/Research—February 1, 1958

PEACE:
SCIENCE'S NEXT GREAT
EXPLORATION
SR/Research—December 10, 1960

THE EMERGING NATIONS
Their Growth and U.S. Policy
edited by Max Millikan
and Donald Blackmer
(Little, Brown—1961)

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kowski, neared the end of his term at the close of the Eisenhower administration, he could feel the impact of a changing attitude toward social science. A great many physical scientists had grown restless over the predominance of military contracts at their universities; they wanted very much to do something constructive to offset the glut of destructive research in their laboratories. The cybernetic nature of many of the military man-and-machine experiments was at the same time acquainting the physical scientists with the potentialities of social science. The resulting shift in attitude encouraged Dr. Kistiakowski to assemble a list of names of men eager to apply scientific principles to the peaceful development of new nations. He proposed this list to his successor of January, Professor Wiesner, as a special panel of consultants to PSAC. Professor Wiesner accepted the proposal, expanded the list of names, and appointed the panel, which later came up with the recommendation that $50,000,000 to $95,000,000 a year be spent on research in foreign affairs.

Back at the ICA, the Grant-Mayer-Ohly axis rolled into the open in response to this impetus, and joined the Ford Foundation in financing a Brookings Institution symposium on the research needs of a dynamic foreign policy. Two days of discussion there last May established the clear practicality of developing within the American intellectual community a powerful research complex devoted to peaceful solution of world problems.

THE military establishment now has, attached to itself, such a community, with inter-relationships almost organically symbiotic. Great universities and great corporations are tied together with specially-created tax-free scientific institutions in support of forcible resolution of conflicts abroad. Peace is a far more complicated state of being than war. It requires negotiation of cultural barriers instead of bashing them down. It calls for the compromise of political differences instead of the flattening of dissent. Nevertheless, the resources are available and prepared for the challenge. Half a hundred American schools are already working under twice that many contracts with foreign schools.

It is this community of peaceful interest, then, that will be headquartered in ODRA. The atmosphere will not be as chilly as cold war talk might suggest. Dr. Frank Press, the California Institute of Technology geophysicist who was assigned by Presidential Assistant Wiesner to lead a group in identifying priority projects for scientific attention in other countries and matching the projects with capable people there and here (Where, for instance, is a likely place, and who there are the likely people to experiment with new sources of low-cost power for impoverished villages? Who is ready to try something new in cheap transport over wild terrain?) says he has never before witnessed such enthusiasm for research. "The response is tremendous," he told me. "It amounts to a new resource."

TWENTY years ago, or even ten, State Department bias against research would have allowed an agency like ODRA to sponsor brilliant analytical studies and then would have isolated the results in a policy vacuum. Today such a tactic is highly improbable. To begin with, President Kennedy has a real respect for science. His Special Assistant for Science and Technology, Professor Wiesner, has repeatedly expressed a profound wish to serve peace. Secretary of State Dean Rusk came to the State Department from the Rockefeller Foundation, which, in company first with the Carnegie Corporation and the Russell Sage Foundation and later with the richer Ford Foundation, lifted social science to a respectable status. Secretary Rusk's Science Adviser, Dr. Walter Whitman, now has on his desk a report written at his request by an international science panel of the Federal Council for Science and Technology. The report, which has Prof. Wiesner's OK, has not been and may not be published; but its original text is known to have exhorted strict subordination of all American tax-supported science activity abroad—including military research—to the single purpose of American foreign policy. Dr. Whitman has adopted the report as a guide, with two major consequences to date. The National Institutes of Health, which had planned to set up its own field office in Europe to oversee its $10,000,000 worth of research grants to continental scientists, will operate the field office instead under a deputy to the Science Attache in the U. S. Embassy in Paris. And in Japan, where military research grants have threatened to exacerbate friction with Tokyo intellectuals, responsibility for all American-aided scientific projects has been vested in a committee headed by the Science Attache to the U. S. Embassy in Tokyo.

There are other encouraging signs of a friendly environment for ODRA. A committee chaired by MIT's Dr. Killian will soon report on a NATO plan to establish an International Institute of Technology somewhere in Europe. Further integration of American and European scientific effort is taking place through National Science Foundation participation in the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development's committee for scientific research.

The weakest spot in the grand scheme for exporting the American love of individual freedom is the United States Information Service. This globe-circling organization has within it only seven men equipped to tell the story of how science and technology enable six percent of the earth's population to produce a third of the world's goods. Three of the seven are in Washington, four in the field (one each in Sweden, Austria, Iran and Korea). India is uncovered, as is Egypt, center of the Arab world; there is no one in Switzerland, the Philippines, Hong Kong, Africa or South America (although Science Attaches report to Dr. Whitman from U.S. Embassies in New Delhi, Rome, Moscow, Stockholm, London, Bonn, Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Aires).

From his nerve center in the White House, Professor Wiesner is looking hard for a capable Science Adviser to Edward Murrow. Perhaps more important, he is scrounging the home front for talent to apply research right here in America. For we cannot export a revolutionary falseface. We must actually practice dynamic freedom if we hope to be imitated. Young Michael Michaelis, of the Arthur D. Little, Inc., engineering firm in Cambridge, Mass., is plugging away in Professor Wiesner's office at ways and means of reviving domestic industries that have fallen behind the times and left thousands jobless: textiles, coal, transportation are three examples. There is even talk of introducing research into the Department of Justice, to attack the causes of juvenile delinquency and crime—chronic blotches on democracy's face.

Such is the state of what the PSAC panel on AID called "our historic commitment to human dignity and freedom." It makes "misery and social chaos anywhere in the world" our legitimate concern. Let it be recorded that in summoning science to "continuing attention to the grave problems facing less developed countries," the PSAC panel specified:

"IN doing this, we associate ourselves with men of understanding and good will wherever they may be. We do not see this as a matter of an advanced nation helping less advanced nations—we have by no means solved all our own problems. Nor do we see it as a matter of a big nation helping smaller nations. It is a matter of men of conscience, here and everywhere — men concerned with the state of the world and the condition of man—joining hands in the ancient battle against the afflictions of mankind."

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor

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PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—LXVII

—Sovfoto.

UNEARTHLY FIRST NIGHT—HE WOKE UP LATE

On His Historic Voyage Outside the Atmosphere
Gherman Titov, Being Human, Overslept

DID the man who spoke the first word say the wrong thing?

Did the man who struck the first light burn his fingers?

Did the man who rolled the first wheel roll it over his toes?

We do not know the answer to any of these questions about the glorious moments of human progress.

But the first man who spent the night outside earth's atmosphere has told us that he overslept.

As human beings, with queer quirks and contradictions shot through everything we do, all the rest of us ought to feel a close kinship to Gherman Titov, the Russian 26-year-old who circled planet earth seventeen times in a spaceship last August 6th and 7th. We know how he must have felt after failing to wake up on time on that most important morning of his life.

Unfortunately, the cold war has taken away so much of the traditional American sense of humor that many of us can think of Titov only as a foreigner who managed to do something we had hoped an American would do first. We cannot simply enjoy Titov as an unpredictable fellow human.

In a world that has shrunk to the size of the world we live in today, this sort of blind hostility to strangers is dangerous. Instead of resenting Titov's feat, we should be thanking him for running the risks he ran. We should be trying to learn everything we possibly can from his experience. For the sake of other men who will make longer journeys beyond the atmosphere than he did, we need to judge whether Titov is a freak or whether life on a spaceship is enough like life on earth to make it natural for anyone to oversleep out there.

What do we know about Titov, anyhow?

We know that his rocket took off at 9 o'clock in the morning, Moscow time. We know that it orbited between 110 and 160 miles above the earth, once around every 88.6 minutes. We know that the earth turns completely around on its axis once in twenty-four hours. By dividing 88.6 minutes into the 1440 minutes of a day, we know that Titov had to go around sixteen times before the earth, turning beneath his fixed-hoop-route in the sky, would get back to where it was when he left. We know if anything serious had gone wrong, he could have come down after one time around, as Yuri Gagarin did. We know, too, that he could have come down again at the end of twelve hours, for at that time he would be crossing over his starting point in the direction contrary to his take-off—coming off the east coast of the United States on the opposite side of the earth and heading southward over Russia.

We know that he did not come down at the end of his first time around. We know that he said good-night to the people of Moscow by radio shortly after 6 P.M., and told them he was going to sleep at that time. We know that three hours later, when the earth beneath him was in position for him to come down near his take-off point, he was momentarily wakened from sleep by a feeling of discomfort, and discovered his arms, having slipped free of their restraining straps, were sticking up in the air. We know he roused from sleep twice more during the night, but did not really wake up until eight hours and seven minutes had passed, thirty-seven minutes longer than the doctors who trained him on the ground had told him to take.

Scientific studies at the universities of Illinois and Minnesota have shown that a normal person sleeping in his own bed here on earth is seldom motionless as long as an hour. He turns and twists somewhere between twenty and forty-five times in a night. He takes up, successively, from fifteen to twenty different positions to keep himself comfortable. Yet airman Titov, sleeping in the strangest bed of any man in history, strapped down to a couch that fitted the contours of his body very closely, overslept by thirty-five minutes!

"SURELY he must have been drugged beforehand."

That is the first reaction I get from people with whom I have discussed Titov's performance. It isn't a logical reaction. Drugs would have defeated the main purpose of Titov's flight, which was to discover how the human organism responds to prolonged weightlessness and loneliness. Tiny instruments were taped to Titov's body to measure his heart beat, breathing, and other indicators of mental and physical functioning. Administration of drugs would have removed the meaning from all their readings.

"Then Titov must be little more than a vegetable."

This reaction is not logical either, in the light of what we know about his flight. Titov was sufficiently nervous and excited that he had no appetite for his first two meals. He suffered discomfort from an inner ear disturbance, which attacks nervous people more than others. When the time came for him to come back to earth, and he looked out the porthole and saw around him the raging flames of the heat of his re-entry into the atmosphere, he decided to parachute to the ground in his living capsule. As a scientific experiment, his flight would have been a far greater success if he would have stayed in the spaceship until it landed.

The conclusion must be that Gherman Titov is an unusually courageous but otherwise normal 26-year-old human male with enough good sense to get scared. It follows that the human organism may be able to make itself more at home outside earth's atmosphere than anyone had thought.

—J.L.

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WE MUST EXERCISE

Otherwise, the Human Instinct

By SIR WILFRID L. CLARK

THE EMERGENCE of the biological species *Homo sapiens* has been the resultant of selective pressures directly dependent on the invention and development of cultural organizations of increasing complexity. Thus the initial evolution of the human type of brain has been correlated with modifications in the differential growth-rates of the cranial skeleton, the reduction of the jaws and teeth, the perfecting of the locomotor apparatus, and the ultimate refinement of the structure of the hand for manual dexterity, and so forth. Even more important is the correlated extension of the period of immaturity during which the growing child remains dependent on the adult members of the community, for this not only makes possible the full post-natal development of the large and complicated brain, it also provides the opportunity for educating the individual to adapt himself to the intricate inter-relationships of human society. It may be said, indeed, that if man (in the broadest sense) invented culture, it was culture which invented *Homo sapiens*. Such a conception is not new—it has been simmering in the minds of anthropologists over the past few years.

Well, here we are today, the modern representatives of *Homo sapiens*, and up to now, after several hundred thousand years of rigorous striving and struggle in the face of adversities which at times must have appeared all but insuperable, our evolutionary success in the biological sense is sufficiently demonstrated by the fact that almost 3,000,000,000 individual specimens of our species are now scattered over the greater part of the world living in widely different physical and social environments. This itself is expressive of one of the outstanding features of our species—a broad and plastic adaptability rather than a narrow adaptedness to one particular set of conditions. But our biological adaptability needs to be constantly supplemented by deliberate and conscious efforts to adapt ourselves to circumstances as they arise.

In the exploration and exploitation of territories of climatic extremes, for example, or in trying to cope with the artificial conditions which we are continually creating for ourselves in different fields of human activity, we seek to find ways of adapting ourselves to new local environments or (if that is impossible) of adapting the local environment to ourselves. So far as physical and biological environments are concerned, we have some reason to be satisfied with ourselves in that we have hitherto met with considerable success by making use of all the resources of the physical and biological sciences and of the technological developments which have been derived from them, by the development of more effective methods of pest control and protection against disease, and also by intensive studies of the physiological and psychological factors underlying the adaptational potentialities of the human body. In the past several years much progress has been made in laboratory and field investigations of problems of climatic adaptation in man and animals, and closely related to this is the development of a field of research which has come to be termed "ergonomics," that is, the study in the widest context of man in relation to his working environment. I need scarcely emphasize the relevance of ergonomics to industry, for this is now widely recognized for its importance in the rational design of machinery and in the control of the immediate climatic environment, whether natural or artificial, in which tasks need to be carried out.

BUT while we can feel some assurance of ultimate success in such material problems (so long as adequate funds and facilities are made available for their investigation by scientific methods), the sociological environment to which mankind as a whole needs to adapt himself presents a much more formidable problem. I have expressed the view that consciously directed co-operativeness has been the major factor which determined the evolutionary origin of *Homo sapiens* as a newly emergent species and the gradual development of the peculiarly human form of integrated society, and in this connection I am reminded of the words of John Stuart Mill 125 years ago that "there is not a more accurate test of the progress of civilization than the progress of the power of cooperation."

Past cooperativeness has led to the progressive assimilation of smaller groups into larger groups of increasingly complex social structure—at first families into assemblages of families, these into wider communities based on close kinship, into clans and tribes, and later into the still larger economic and political units represented by states, federations of states, and the nations.

Naturally, I do not suggest that this process of assimilation has been a matter of even, steady, advancement—like the analogous process of biological evolution it has been checkered with long intervals of stagnation and periodic regressions. But there has been demonstrably a broad historical trend in the direction of a progressive unification of mankind. In some cases this has come about by mutual agreement for the furtherance of common interests; but it must be admitted that it has not unusually been the result of conflict.

IN so far as this process of unification has been to the ultimate benefit of the community as a whole by achieving a higher level of cooperation which, for example, permits a more centralized organization of all the means of production, more efficient control over local fluctuations in food supply, more comprehensive planning of large-scale projects of irrigation and transport, more economical division of labor by specialists of various kinds and so forth, it can be regarded as a major factor determining sociological progress. But the basic difficulty with the larger groupings of human society, as it seems to me, is that, with increasing population pressure, the altruistic sentiments which in the course of a long evolutionary history have become ingrained in the mentality of the *individual* are too apt to be suppressed by the narrow interests of each particular *group*. The larger the group the less control has the private individual in directing his innate impulses along channels which are ethically satisfying to him personally, for his attitudes and opinions come to be more and more directed for him by all the subtleties or propaganda developed in a complex society.

We now have to face the seemingly paradoxical fact that the larger the units of cooperation in social communities the greater the tendency for their segregation into populations opposed to each other by conflicting economic and ideological interests. Thus the historical process of unification has tended to slow up and ultimately threatens to come to a halt. If it has sometimes been the outcome of conflict in the past this can no longer be envisaged as practicable in the future, for a major conflict involving the nations of the world today must lead to

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THE GENES OF PATIENCE

for Brotherhood Will Die of Neglect

a degree of destruction that would render precarious the very existence of mankind. We seek to escape from this impasse and we ask ourselves whether it is even feasible to hope for a final unification of mankind as a whole.

YET one thing seems clear—an essential prerequisite for any attempt at further unification for the good of mankind as a whole is the ability to give full expression to the impulse for cooperation which is so characteristic a feature of the humanity of man, and this can only be made possible by opportunities for free intercourse and the free interchange of ideas among the populations of the world.

In the promotion of such an ideal I believe that science has a vitally important part to play, for fundamental science (the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake), together with technological science (in its application of this knowledge for the benefit of mankind as a whole), may surely be regarded as one of the culminating expressions of that cooperativeness on which depended the genesis of the human form of society in the distant past. I do not mean to imply that science among all other intellectual disciplines has a complete prerogative in this respect, but I do suggest that it is in a particularly favorable position to effect the closest contacts between peoples who are otherwise divided by political and other interests.

Scientists feel impelled to retain and develop harmonious relations simply because they realize that the very advancement of their subject depends on a thorough acquaintance with work going on elsewhere—the progress of science is essentially the result of cooperative human effort. They may not all speak the same tongue, but they can and do speak with a common idiom and use a common terminology, and communication of knowledge and ideas from one individual to another can be more precise and certain in scientific phraseology just because the latter aims to be more carefully defined than phraseology of colloquial language. One may say, further, that there is a universality in the logic of scientific method which permits an intimacy of understanding scarcely possible in fields of learning where there are fundamental conflicts of opinion derived from preconceived convictions and beliefs based on unverifiable evidence, and not amenable to scientific methods of inquiry by the rigorous test of repeated observation and experiment.

In so far as science by its very nature imposes on the scientist and the scientifically minded an ethical code of profound respect for objective truth, it is to be regarded as intrinsically a self-regulating process. For any statements or judgments based on current scientific research must be open to continuous scrutiny in the light of subsequent research, with the freely admitted possibility that they may from time to time need to be revised or rejected. Cooperativeness is an integral element in this process of self-regulation and thereby contributes to the promotion of a sense of tolerance and intellectual humility. Finally, I would assert that the quintessence of the scientific mentality is to be found in a willingness to communicate and discuss new advances in knowledge with completely open-minded freedom, uninhibited by any attempt at secrecy for partisan or sectional interests of any kind whatsoever; it cannot be too strongly emphasized that secretiveness is the very antithesis of the spirit of free inquiry implicit in the scientific method. From the purely practical point of view, also, secretiveness acts as a serious brake on the advancement of science because the latter can only proceed actively through the unrestricted interchange and interpenetration of ideas among those engaged on problems of common interest.

IN the past, the free intercourse between scholars of different countries by travel or correspondence was first demonstrated in the early days of the Renaissance period, when it was a common custom for scientists to undertake arduous journeys from Britain to the great medieval universities of the continent to acquaint themselves with current advances in scientific knowledge. Even during the Napoleonic Wars and the American Civil War, as Sir Gavin de Beer has recorded in his book "The Sciences Were Never at War," scientists were able to travel unmolested through enemy territories. Unhappily, the situation has become very different in our own time.

UNDOUBTEDLY, one of the most important developments in science during recent years is the multiplication of international congresses, colloquies, symposia, and so forth, and I take this to be an expression of the urgent need felt by the scientifically minded to maintain and extend still further contacts in a world which threatens to become disrupted by the conflict of national interests. Even more significant, I think, is an evident tendency to replace the term "international" by more comprehensive and all-embracing titles. Thus we have the Food and Agriculture Organization, the World Meteorological Association, the World Federation for Mental Health, the World Federation for Neurology, and so forth. But apart from such specific organizations, individual scientific societies are themselves tending to become more international in scope and more cosmopolitan in their membership. For example, the Ergonomics Research Society, because of the importance of its work in so many fields of economic importance, attracts membership from individual scientists all over the world.

One more point is the desirability more and more of supplementing or replacing "national" research institutions by "regional" research institutions for the study of problems of common interest in different geographical areas —in this connection I think of current organizations such as the Arid Zone Commission, the Pacific Science Association, centers of research on locust control, and so forth. It scarcely needs to be stressed that the immediate and obvious advantages which accrue from regional research in the relatively undeveloped countries are more likely than anything else to remove any possible feelings of suspicion or distrust toward the more developed countries from which assistance is received. If the membership of the staff of regional institutions were unconditionally open to competent scientists of any community the welfare of which depends on the results of its research projects, this would do much to engender an atmosphere of concord and to dissipate any tendency toward national rivalry which may exist.

The accompanying text was excerpted from the inaugural address of Sir Wilfrid Le Gros Clark as president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. The entire address was published in the September issue of *The Advancement of Science, the BAAS journal.*

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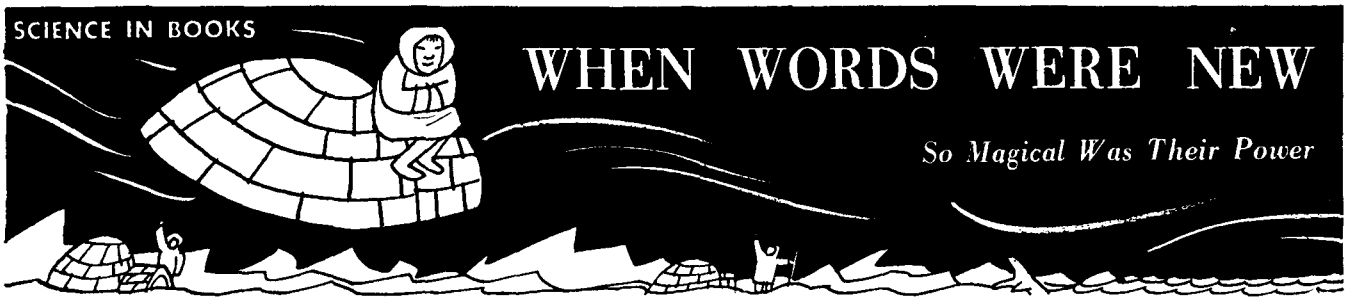


WHEN WORDS WERE NEW

So Magical Was Their Power

OLD fables give us the Eskimos' ideas of the world.

The Beginning. In the beginning there was nothing but water. But then suddenly one day stones and rocks began to rain down from the sky. And land was created. But there was darkness, and animals and humans lived promiscuously among each other, copulating as they pleased, and assuming each other's shapes without order or reason.

In this blessed darkness words were born. Since words were new and never had been used before, they were as powerful as magic formulas. Strange things began to happen in the world because words were pronounced.

The fox met the snow hare.

"Dark, dark, dark," said the fox. He wanted it dark so that he could easily steal from the meat caches of the humans, among the cliffs. "Light, light, light," said the snow hare. He wanted it light so that he could see to find a bit of food in the grass.

Since then light and darkness have alternated upon the earth.

The First People. The first people were much stronger than people are now. They could with their magic make their houses fly. When they wanted new nourishment they just sat in their houses and let them fly to new places.

But one day a man complained over the noise the houses made when they flew through the air. His words were powerful. Houses lost their ability to fly at that moment.

At that time new snow could burn like fire.

Often fire fell down from the sky.

There was no ice, either. But one day the great hero Kunuk was pursued by a witch woman whom he had teased. She threw her scraping knife after him, so that it danced "ducks and drakes" upon the water. And the water froze to ice at that moment.

The Sun and the Moon. Sun and Moon were sister and brother. They always took part in the copulation games in the young people's house. One night, as Moon was trying to decide which girl he would try to find when the light was dimmed, his eyes fell upon his sister, and he thought she was the most beautiful of all. He noticed how her clothes were made. When the lamp had been put out, he found her by feeling his way.

He did this many times.

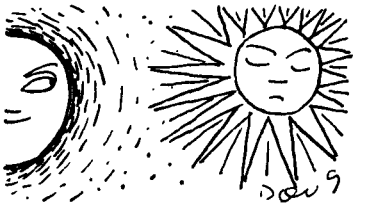
At last, Sun became suspicious. She took a little soot from the lamp upon her fingers. During the copulation she pressed her fingers against the forehead of the man who took her. When the lamp was lit again, she saw her brother Moon with soot on his face.

Sun became red and hot with shame. She took a whisk of moss from the heap by the lamp, dipped it in the blubber and lit it, and she ran out.

Moon wanted to follow her. He was in such a hurry that he didn't get his moss lit very well.

"We must run far away and never see each other again," said Sun. And at the same moment they became spirits and were lifted up in the sky, where they continued their flight.

Sun has the stronger warmer light, because her whisk of moss burns clearly.



Her brother Moon, who pursues her but never can catch up with her, has the weaker, colder light.

Thunder and Lightning. There were once two orphans who lived in a settlement on an island. Nobody cared much for them, and they had to take food where they could find it. One day, when they had been sleeping in the corner of an abandoned house, they woke up and found that the settlement had been moved. The people had deliberately not taken them along, since they were only a bother. And they went for a long time without food, for there was none around.

One day they found a piece of dried sealskin and a flintstone.

"What shall we be?" they asked each other.

"I shall be thunder."

"I shall be lightning."

They did not know what thunder and lightning were. But at the same moment they were lifted up in the sky and became thunder and lightning.

The Bear that Became Fog. Once a family was living near a burial cliff. They began to notice that whenever a dead one from the settlement had been set in his grave there, he always disap-

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HOUSES FLEW

in Eskimo Legend

peared the next day. Finally, the man decided to find out what caused this, and he put himself in one of the graves as if he were dead.

When night had fallen, he heard someone say: "Ah, here is a corpse again." And he felt himself lifted up and carried away.

When he dared to open his eyes, he found a bear was carrying him. He then amused himself by catching hold of bushes and branches they passed. The bear thought the burden was very heavy. He was quite exhausted when he arrived home, and he lay down to rest while the little bear children gathered around the corpse.

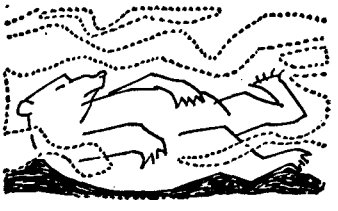
"Papa, the corpse is opening its eyes!"

"Be still, children, the road was long and heavy for me!"

In the same moment, the man sprang up and took an axe that was lying there. He killed the bear and all the bear's children. When he came outside, he saw the woman bear returning from her fishing. He started to run, she pursued him.

They came to a river. The man spoke a magic formula and jumped right over it. The woman bear asked him: "How did you get across the river?"

"I drank it dry," said the man.



The woman bear lay down and began to drink the river. She drank so much she burst wide open. All the water she had drunk became fog.

How Big the World Is. Once there were two young couples who had taken land together. The husbands were good hunters, the wives clever and beautiful, and they stayed together. One day, the men sat and talked together about many things, such as people do when they have eaten their fill and their thoughts can occupy themselves with something other than food.

"The world is big," said one of them.

"Yes, but how big?" said the other. "No matter how long a time you drive with your sled, you can always see land in front of you."

"Let us find out," they said, as with one mouth.

So it was decided that they should depart and travel to where the world meets itself, taking opposite directions.

Right away they prepared for the journey. The women cried when taking leave of each other, such as women are wont to do, for they knew that it might be some years before they would see each other again.

Then they traveled.

Every year when the ice broke up, they took land and stayed there over the summer. They always caught enough game to keep them going for the winter also. When the ice was firm again, they started out and kept traveling for the whole winter, on and on and on and on.

They went on year after year.

The children of both couples grew up and married people from the settlements that they visited. They too grew old and their children married. At last there was an entire tribe traveling in each direction.

At last, the old couples were weak. The men could no longer drive their own sleds, and their wives had to sit on the sleds instead of running alongside them. But they never forgot their old idea, and they went on. After many years they grew blind and had to be led by the younger ones, but they could not die until they had met their old friends.

One day, both parties eyed in the far distance another group moving toward them very slowly. It was the two couples who finally met. They walked up to each other. They recognized each other's voices. They greeted each other and sat down.

"The world is very big."

"Yes, even bigger than we thought when we parted!"

Then all four of them died, and here ends their story.

That is how big the world is.

IF there is any such thing as racial memory, we meet it here in the flesh. As long as the mystery of the origin of the Eskimos is not quite solved, it is worth considering that many of their tales may trace back to an incredibly distant past. Notice, for instance, that there is talk about snow burning on the ground and fire raining. Then remember that there has been no volcanic activity in North America for millennia. The Alaskan Eskimos have stories about animals that by their description can only be mastodons, animals that have been extinct for ten thousand years! We are told that when first people lived on earth there was no ice in the land. Is this a memory of the ancestral country in Central Asia?

—PETER FREUCHEN.

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

—Fabian Bachrach.

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US? *One of the directions reported in these pages as far back as January 1960 pointed somewhere towards the stars. Is there intelligent life on the planets of other suns? Chances are that many distant beings possess intelligence superior to our own. The question is how to communicate with them, how to borrow from their store of wisdom.*

Ingenious new languages are being proposed to bridge the long gap between the worlds. Mathematical experiments are being devised to serve as tests of whether the strangers we reach are higher than we are on the IQ scale. It is a most esoteric enterprise in which but few can share.

There is, however, one researcher who has brought the problem down to earth. He says we ought not wait until we have the instruments to enable ex-

BY JOHN C. LILLY, M.D.
Communications Research Institute

EVENTUALLY it may be possible for humans to speak with another species. I have come to this conclusion after careful consideration of evidence gained through my research experiments with dolphins.

Even if within the next two decades we do not establish communication, the results along the way will be extremely important.

If we succeed in establishing communication on an intelligent, intellectual level, the implications will run all the way through philosophical, scientific, ethical, legal, social, military, propaganda, utilitarian, and humorous categories.

At the present time, dolphins correspond very loosely to conserved wild animals under protection of the conservation laws in certain parts of the United States and by international agreement, and to pets under the protection of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. So far, the dolphins have a good reputation with the general public, derived mainly from the circus shows and the oceanaria and from the traditional stories about their relationships with men. Dolphins may be generally considered in a special class somewhat different from human pets or other wild animals.

If one of them starts to speak English and this becomes widely known, dolphins will gain a little more status and may be considered somewhat like parrots or mynah birds, which seem to have slightly more value to certain human beings than do other birds because they can enunciate our language to some extent. If the animals demonstrate more ability than that of a parrot and continue to enlarge their bag of tricks beyond what is at present possible in the oceanaria, they will achieve status with TV and circus ratings similar to that of chimpanzees, which once again have special values for human beings in terms of entertainment. If the dolphins achieve a bilateral conversational level, corresponding, say, to a low-grade human moron and well above a human imbecile or idiot, then they become an ethical, legal, and social problem. They have reached the threshold of humanness, as it were.

If the dolphins go above this level the problem becomes more and more acute and if they reach the conversational abilities of any normal human being, we are in for trouble. Some groups of humans will then step forward in defense of these animals' lives and stop their use in experimentation; they will insist that we treat dolphins as humans and that we give them medical and legal protection. If the means of further education of dolphins in humanity is available, there probably will be an explosive development of such education.

What dolphins then become under the law—and the laws might have to be changed in order to include them—depends upon the intellectual attainment of individual animals. The humans then have two major choices: a few people will probably join in the conspiracy to leave the animals ignorant and drop the whole program; others will press for the whole educational process, so that we may learn more and more from these animals and teach them more and more about us.

At this point the number of available animals becomes an important problem. If there are only several thousand animals available for such an educational process, the social load on the educational system of, say, the United States will be very small. (Of course, this presupposes that the dolphins are unable to set up their own schools to educate their own kind.) For a long time presumably they will be in the position of the Negro races in Africa who are attempting to become westernized. They will be a dramatic but definite minority, initially with extremely good publicity and then with less good publicity unless they can prove their usefulness in those things which the human races in general attempt to achieve.

THE dolphins are "ocean-centered" instead of "continent-centered" as humans are. This implies that almost four-fifths of the world is theirs, without known boundaries within the oceans. Most of the continents are separated from one another but oceans are connected by water with other oceans, so theoretically every cetacean is an international traveler as far as humans are concerned: true tourists of the sea who may not recognize territorial rights of other cetaceans or humans. The foundations of their culture may be centered about their feeding habits, fish migrations, etc. This may ultimately lead to difficulty for the humans, who are more nation-centered and city-centered than these animals probably are. If we try to employ them in a national way or in any other "localizing" or partisan fashion, we may run into difficulties with their way of life and their way of thinking.

Many people have asked me if it is possible to teach these animals to detect submarines and to communicate their detection to human beings. First of all, I don't think we have to teach them to detect submarines; I think they detect submarines already. That is not the problem. The problem is whether they will communicate such detection to us, whether they will go on submarine-hunting expeditions and then report back to one human side and not the other. If dolphins come to understand our cold war and similar quarrels between large segments of the human race, we don't know how they will proceed to operate. I once said in a joking fashion, "They may all be pacifists"; on the other hand, they may be highly military types.

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change of messages. If that course is followed, the people of earth will not be ready to accept the seemingly preposterous things that are bound to happen. They must be prepared well in advance. And, he says, such preparation is possible with the help of a friendly fellow-mammal: the playful dolphin.

Dr. John C. Lilly has been studying the dolphin for a number of years. He began his work at Marineland, Florida, and then moved out to the Virgin Islands to establish his own Communications Research Institute on St. Thomas. There he has been investigating the performance of the dolphin brain, which is slightly bigger than man's brain. One of his hopes is to learn the dolphin language and to teach the dolphin to speak like a person. Doubleday and Co., Inc., recently published a book of his findings ("Man and Dolphin," copyright ©1961 by John C. Lilly) from which the report below is adapted.

—*Frank S. Essapian.*

Obviously, if we establish communication, it may help us to solve many of our own marine problems. For example, if the cetaceans are willing to communicate and are sufficiently numerous, they might help in rescuing survivors of plane crashes and shipwrecks. They might search for survivors, protect them from sharks, provide them with food, communicate with other human beings without the use of radios or similar gadgets.

Cetaceans might be helpful in hunting and retrieving nose cones, satellites, missiles, and similar things that men insist on dropping into the ocean. They might be willing to hunt for mines, torpedoes, submarines, and other artifacts connected with our naval operations. They might also be willing to do scouting and patrol duty for submarines or surface ships and they might carry their protagonist activities to the point where they can be used around harbors as underwater demolition-team operators.

If they are military types they could be very useful as antipersonnel self-directing weapons. They could do nocturnal harbor work, capture spies let out of submarines or dropped from airplanes, attacking silently and efficiently and bringing back information from such contacts. They could deliver atomic nuclear warheads and attach them to submarines or surface vessels and to torpedoes and missiles.

They could help us carry on a sort of psychological warfare. Many times in World War II watch officers on navy vessels recorded phosphorescent-wake "torpedoes" heading directly toward the bow of their ship; generally these turned out to be some of the cetaceans swimming very fast toward the ship. The bodies of these animals are not detectable by magnetic metallic methods. They can be detected only by bouncing sonar beams off their bodies and by listening to their own vocal productions. In psychological warfare they might sneak up on an enemy submarine sitting on the bottom and shout something into the listening gear, as if this were a human communicating with them. Such voices from the sea could also be used near the seashore in harbor work; perhaps the animals can be taught to speak loudly in air.

Their usefulness need not be exclusively military; they might help us to make friends throughout the world if we employ their abilities in peacemaking activities.

HOWEVER, as I see it, the really solid help would be in the various scientific fields. They could help us to obtain new information, data, and natural laws about fisheries, oceanography, marine biology, navigation, linguistics, various sciences of the brain, and space. No human is quite as good at detecting, tracking, hunting, herding, and catching fish as are dolphins, porpoises, and whales. If we could communicate with the dolphins and gain their co-operation, the science and industry of fishing may be entirely revised. Our knowledge of the ways of fishes, their migrations, etc., would be increased immensely. In the field of oceanography, they could help us to measure and to map surface currents, temperatures, salinities, etc., over vast areas of the ocean without the expensive ships that are presently used for this purpose. They could collect the information and bring it back to us at our laboratories on shore. In marine biology they could report on and bring back samples of new species that we have never met before. They might report on the behavior of many marine organisms with which we are not yet acquainted. Similarly we could learn much about other cetaceans from ones that are friendly to us. There are many mysteries about the so-called "killer" whales that might be cleared up by the dolphin. Maybe the killers are misnamed: after all, maybe they call some of us killers.

They may have navigational means with which we are not yet acquainted. I suspect that theirs is a multivariable method of navigation, using temperature, speed, taste of the water, position of the stars, sun, and so forth, all fed into their huge brains simultaneously and instantaneously. They may have some sort of multidimensional maps that they have developed over the years and by which they travel from one sea to the next over the surface of the earth.

OBVIOUSLY the science of linguistics will benefit tremendously from these studies. Interspecies languages and new intraspecies languages will do much to push this science in new areas. In the same way the science of the brain—neuroanatomy, neurophysiology, psychology, psychoanalysis (intra- and interspecies)—will benefit. Communication with these animals will provide a whole new array of dimensions for the scientists of the mind and for the humanists. The nonterrestrial, interplanetary and astral sciences, the so-called space sciences, will benefit from our having established contact here on earth with alien creatures that had an evolutionary development separate from ours in another kind of environment. I want to emphasize the fact that even if we are successful, we shall still not be fully prepared to encounter intelligent life forms not of this earth. Even if we press this research program to its ultimate extreme speed we shall not be far enough along if and when we meet beings from other portions of our galaxy. At the present rate at which progress is being made in the space program, there is not time for a leisurely program of research. At most we shall have graduated from the kindergarten of interspecies communication before it becomes absolutely essential for us and all of the human races to enter the graduate school of interspecies relations.

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(Continued on page 62)

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(Continued from page 61)

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

VERMONT—RUTLAND AREA. Skiers' Delight. Lodges, Family Places, Investment Acres. Ray Holway, Realtor, Rutland, Vermont.

SCULPTOR'S HOME converted from 1860 mill. 2 huge skylighted studios attached to large, totally informal, beautifully livable house. Beauty, serenity, privacy. Under 2 hours from NYC. Asking $50,000. Write, phone, Edmund Foster, Newtown, Connecticut.

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TRAVEL

AROUND THE WORLD, February 4th-April 24th, 1962. Madrid, Granada, Seville, Athens, Cairo, Luxor, New Delhi, Agra, Benares, Madras, Colombo, Bangkok, Angkor Wat, Hong Kong, Tokyo, Kyoto—and much more. Lectures, meetings with nationals, discussions. Write DR. HUBERT HERRING, 763 Indian Hill, Claremont, California.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1437

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Principles regarded as intrinsically desirable; relative durations of notes in music; distinctive qualities of tone.

B. A diverging stream of a river, which rejoins the main stream.

C. When the sun came peeping into Thomas Hood's childhood window (3 wds.).

D. Abundance.

E. Youthful person whom Emma's father called a delicate plant (Jane Austen; 2 wds.).

F. Delicious light-red American grape.

G. The breaking down of rock by chemical or mechanical processes.

H. In the highest degree pleasing, delightful to sense.

I. The highest horizontal timber in a roof; horizontal piece at the top of a tent.

J. French commune captured by Caesar, 52 B.C. (present name, 1344 A.D.); counties in New York and Vermont; Louisiana parish.

K. Of all types or kinds.

WORDS

34 14 198 195 109 138

131 75 189 155 63 180 168 80 87

158 92 6 128 23 148 192 107 167 85

58 28 184 31 82 160

64 159 201 119 164 32 74 204 151

153 172 194 114 38 90 25

41 120 61 202 48 65 110 101 193 126 37 140

121 102 186 30 51 163 24 79 209

117 208 76 136 47 100 106 177 8

57 3 162 170 187 26 42

62 207 59 33 200 49 21 91 156 89

DEFINITIONS

L. Oliver Wendell Holmes's insect which "say'st an undisputed thing in such a solemn way".

M. Spasmodic repetition of syllables and consonants.

N. Subject of Poe tale, which should be illustrated by Charles Addams, of a sister and brother, last of their line (3 wds.).

O. Incorrect.

P. Lying hid; hibernating (rare).

Q. Schooling, esp. as gained in an institution of learning.

R. Cape in S Argentina, at S entrance to New Gulf.

S. Peanut oil.

T. Victim of what is laudable enterprise on the part of another (2 wds.).

U. Loss of power of speech because of paralysis of muscles other than those of the tongue.

V. Possible subtitle for the biography of Tennyson, of Browning, etc. (4 wds.).

W. Anatomist's word for the brain.

X. Boat propelled by three rowers, only the middle one of whom uses two oars.

WORDS

183 135 169 166 78 176 53

105 86 20 196 7 116 112 71 12 143

145 174 134 96 5 122 125 199 29 67 55 40

137 9 149 141 36 197 19 123 60

171 165 115 118 97 16 181 144

2 188 43 18 81 124 150 178 203

50 83 27 72 99 10

93 139 22 179 1 191 108 133

52 35 56 113 129 94 84 104 147

70 11 4 111 45 130 154 175 161 95

173 88 127 77 39 66 157 44 98 146 205

68 15 17 73 190 54 103 46 182 132

69 206 142 13 152 185

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

	1 S	2 Q	3 J		4 U	5 N	6 C	7 M	8 I	9 O	10 R		11 U	12 M	13 X		14 A
15 W		16 P	17 W	18 Q	19 O	20 M	21 K	22 S		23 C	24 H		25 F	26 J	27 R	28 D	
29 N	30 H	31 D	32 E	33 K	34 A	35 T	36 O	37 G		38 F	39 V	40 N	41 G		42 J	43 Q	44 V
45 U	46 W	47 I	48 G	49 K	50 R	51 H	52 T	53 L		54 W	55 N	56 T		57 J	58 D	59 K	
60 O	61 G	62 K	63 B	64 E		65 G	66 V		67 N	68 W	69 X		70 U	71 M	72 R	73 W	
74 E	75 B	76 I		77 V	78 L	79 H	80 B	81 Q	82 D	83 R	84 T	85 C		86 M	87 B	88 V	89 K
	90 F	91 K	92 C	93 S		94 T	95 U	96 N		97 P	98 V		99 R	100 I	101 G	102 H	103 W
104 T		105 M	106 I	107 C	108 S	109 A	110 G		111 U	112 M		113 T	114 F	115 P	116 M	117 I	
118 P	119 E		120 G	121 H	122 N	123 O	124 Q		125 N	126 G	127 V	128 C	129 T		130 U	131 B	132 W
133 S	134 N	135 L	136 I	137 O	138 A		139 S	140 G	141 O	142 X	143 M		144 P	145 N	146 V	147 T	
148 C	149 O	150 Q	151 E	152 X		153 F	154 U	155 B	156 K	157 V	158 C	159 E		160 D	161 U	162 J	163 H
164 E	165 P	166 L	167 C	168 B		169 L	170 J	171 P	172 F	173 V	174 N	175 U		176 L	177 I	178 Q	179 S
180 B	181 P	182 W		183 L	184 D	185 X	186 H	187 J	188 Q	189 B		190 W	191 S	192 C	193 G	194 F	195 A
	196 M	197 O	198 A	199 N	200 K	201 E		202 G	203 Q	204 E		205 V	206 X	207 K	208 I	209 H	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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and ANCESTOR

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SCOTCH WHISKIES

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